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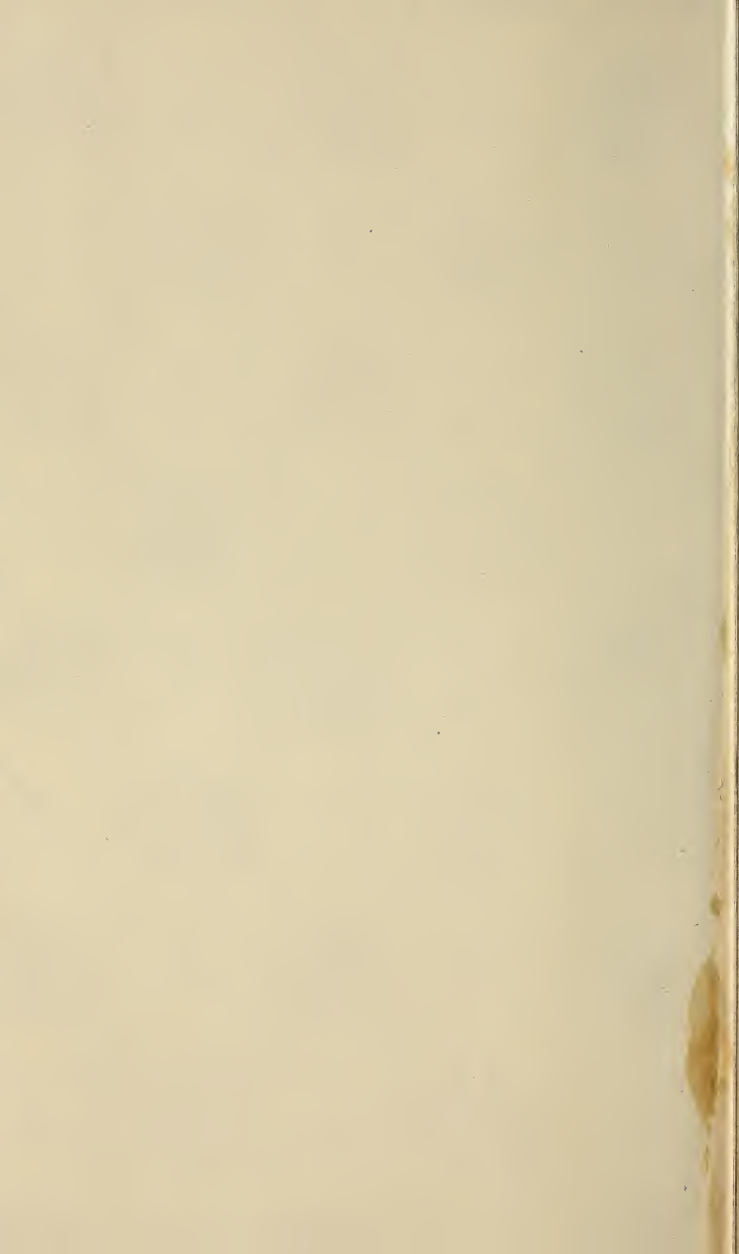
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SOCIETY,

A

POEM

IN

332

1463

Two Parts;

WITH OTHER POEMS.

---

By JAMES KENNEY.

---

Nous naissons, nous vivons pour la société.  
A nous-mêmes livrés dans une solitude,  
Notre bonheur bientôt fait notre inquiétude.

Boileau. Sat. X.

---

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Y T A T O O

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BRIDGE ROAD

THE GREAT BRIDGE

7050



Recat. m. 30. 2. 3. 4. ab. 11. 2. 11. 2. 11.

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## PREFACE.

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The name of Poet is getting fast out of repute. The veneration formerly attached to the title has started so many claimants to it, upon no better credentials than rhyme or measure, that we have now more writers of Poetry than of Prose. Thus, though we are not without good poets, we have abundantly more bad ones; and though the former when known fail not to receive the encouragement they merit, yet few will risk the loss of their time, to read a yet unknown Versifier, who is much more likely, according to the chances, to fatigue them with a barren common-place jingle, or perhaps to disgust on

the other hand with some empirical innovation of style or phraseology to supply the place of legitimate beauty, than to elevate and delight by the dictates of a rational and sterling genius.

In such a season, therefore, when so little is to be expected, if SOCIETY be found unworthy, I may fairly claim an acquittal from the charge of presumption in offering it to the world. And I have another claim to this, in common with the rest of the fraternity, in consideration of the blindness which belongs alike to good poets and to bad ones, as to the real value of their works. *Virgil* would have burnt his *Eneid*, and *Paradise Regained* was the darling progeny of the muse of *Milton*. The only precaution which my tenderness for the public could suggest, I have taken in submitting my production to a

man whose critical judgment it has long and generally acknowledged. Had his report been discouraging (however great the violence to my vanity) the public may rest assured it should not have been troubled with an appeal from his decision.

Let me (before my reader charges me with it) confess to one borrowed thought. I have said the same thing of tea as *Cowper*.. I may have many more apparent plagiarisms, for no poem of any length at this stage of literature can be without them, but this is the only one of which I am conscious. *Nil dictum quod non dictum prius* is a saying which of all others is not the less true for its antiquity.

I take this opportunity of acknowledging the *Ode on the Return of Peace* which has already met the public eye anonymously in the

*Morning Chronicle.* One or two other of the smaller poems have also appeared in periodical publications.

Society.

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PART THE FIRST.

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## ANALYSIS OF PART THE FIRST.

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*The causes and evils of Solitude form principally the subject of the first part of this Poem, as being natural objects of attention, previous to a view of the positive advantages of Society.*

*It begins with replying to the declamation of Misanthropy; which is contrasted with the sentiments that actuated the mind of Howard, and an apostrophe is made to the shade of that eminent philanthropist.*

*Solitude, upon those delicate minds who seek it to indulge the reveries of fancy, and poetical contemplation, has often the same effect as intemperance on the body, of destroying its susceptibility to common enjoyment: It is also liable to induce a habit of intense thought; perhaps on subjects out of the reach of human enquiry; and this excessive and vain exercise of the thinking faculty, creates that hypochondriac infirmity, which admits of cure only by a diversion of the mind to the bustle of Society.*

*Solitude, when recurred to, to cherish sorrow, engenders a settled and incurable melancholy—exemplified with its calamitous consequences in the Story of Giralduſ.*

ANALYSIS OF PART THE FIRST.

*Picture of a fair maniac the victim of superstitious solitude. Apostrophe to Superstition; and some reflections on the extravagancies of the passion for pious seclusion in its earliest stages.*

*An allusion to the latter melancholy years of the life of Zimmerman. An enquiry into the tendency of solitude towards the improvement of the heart—Concluding with a comparative view of the sentimental recluse, and the virtuous man of the world.*



# SOCIETY.

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## PART I.

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Let fancy-led Enthusiasts court the shade,  
 The Sons of Pride, and Worldlings disappointed,  
 Seek consolation in the desert's gloom,  
 Far from the eye of man ; effusing there  
 Unheard unheeded railings : such delight                   5  
 I envy not, nor court.—Be mine the joys  
 Engender'd by the cheerful face of Man,  
 The varied sweets, the interesting cares  
 That yields Society—at Friendship's call

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 PART I.
 

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---

To bid my heart be glad, and tune its chords      10  
 To active happiness and social joy.

Of these I sing, and of the ills that wait  
 On those who love them not.—Attend my lays  
 Companions of my happiest hours, who share  
 Alike my pleasures and my cares ! for whom      15  
 The world I cherish, all its weight of woe  
 Its cares and frailties granted : for 'tis you  
 Inspire my task (neglected by the muse  
 Till now) and teach me more than half my song.  
 By your exhorting and approval warm'd,      20  
 Advent'rous the untrodden path I try  
 With hopeful, though with hesitating heart.  
 Unknown to fame, by patronage uncheer'd  
 My numbers else reluctantly had flow'd.

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PART I.

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And what the joy, Misanthropy exclaims,                    25  
(Misanthropy, the whining Child of Pride)

And what the joy the busy world can yield  
To him whom Virtue charms, whom Wisdom guides ?  
To see their vot'ries disregarded, scorn'd ;

To see Vice prosper, Knavery look bold,                    30

And Folly flutter in the ranks of wealth  
Defrauding Wisdom of her homage ! Shame

The good Man's fate alone, who views such scenes  
With eyes averted blushing for their being !

Psha ! such a world I hate, I hate and leave it.    35

Thus selfish Pride exclaims.—Not so the man  
Whose love of Virtue is for Virtue's sake ;  
Who deems her naked dignity above  
Increase of honour from the gilded helps

---



---

 PART I.
 

---



---

Fantastic Fortune offers : and convinced 40

That imperfection must pervade this state,

Resigns to ills that *ne'er will find a cure.*

The friend of Virtue is the friend of Man,—

Man for each other made, that they who sink

O'er-charged in their probationary task 45

May just division of their burthen make

With those more lightly press'd. So HOWARD thought,

And on that sentiment he built his deeds.

To him were not unknown the many crimes

Of human kind, the cares of Social life : 50

Pitying he saw them ; but he saw them not

With lamentation only : for to him

The world for all its ills was more endear'd.

His noble mind glowed with the glorious hope

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PART I.

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---

Of working them relief. For this he lived, 55

For this alone he valued life. He knew

No business but benevolence :—his youth

To philanthropic suff'rance he inured,

And learnt each toil his purpose might require,

Most expeditiously to practise good. 60

This Man was wise and virtuous ; yet he found

A task of pleasure 'mongst his fellow-men ;

His wealth he gave to mitigate their woes ;

His great example to repair their hearts.

Oh HOWARD ! if thy Spirit now may share 65

Concerns of Man, my timid Muse inspire

To animated strains in such a theme

As this, that not unfitly she may sing

The duties sweet of general fellowship

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 PART I.
 

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And social love !—And (yet untaught to soar)      70  
 Accept the light and fading wreath she leaves  
 On thy already thickly laurell'd tomb.

Were mine the fire that warm'd the parent bard,  
 Of thy bless'd deeds I'd frame an epic Song  
 Should bear thy name co-eval with Pelides ;      75  
 And with the Heathen's anger, shew mankind  
 The greater Heroism of Christian virtue.

'Tis true like means are granted not to all ;  
 All have not HOWARD's wealth, and fewer boast  
 His energy of mind.—Yet ev'ry man      80  
 Stands unexcused from hatred to his kind.  
 Pause Cynic !—E'er for ever thou dissolve  
 The tie that binds thee to thy race, yet pause !  
 Against those baser passions of thy breast

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PART I.

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---

Awaken'd by Self-love, which blindly now 85

For Virtue thou mistak'st, one struggle yet

Oppose, and vanquish'd, thou perchance wilt own

Philosophy with Hermits ne'er can dwell.

Stay!—Spite of human frailty, spite of all

The groveling passions, that debase our hearts, 90

Much Merit ever may be found to claim

Thine interest and regard, on which bestow'd

Thy time and care, some hours may yet elapse

Without regret amid the busy world.

And of thy wrongs make lessons that may teach 95

A safer path to inexperienced worth.

Virtue's true friend is *busy* in her cause :

Deserts it never.—When her feebler sons

Behold such great defection, may they not

With justice deem her interest desp'rate grown, 100

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 PART I.
 

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---

And fear to rally her remaining force.  
 How many has she, zealous partizans,  
 Who gladly at her standard would be found,  
 Tho' each perhaps lacks confidence to raise it.  
 Be staunch ; still keep thy post, and what thou canst,  
 Atchieve.—There's honour even in thy failure. 106

Ye finer souls ! lured to the lonely scene  
 By Fancy or the Muse, whom Nature's charms  
 Invite to frequent saunt'rings in the gloom,  
 In Contemplation's silent luxury ; 110  
 Your errors flowing from a diff'rent source,  
 A mind too keenly sensitive, demand  
 Compassion more than censure.—Oft ye court  
 Amid the pensive shade more dreadful ill  
 Than rack the guilty bosom, or torment 115



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PART I.

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The victim of disease.—A pleasure first,  
A soft a rapt'rous pleasure fills your hearts ;  
But 'tis the mind's voluptuousness, and brings  
A train of evils in their course as sure,  
As wait the meaner and destructive joys 120  
Of the low sensualist ;—a sweet excess,  
Intoxicating bliss, that oft repeated,  
Saps the worn sense to phlegmatic decay.

There too intrude those careful thoughts that oft  
O'er-labour Reason to untimely ruin. 125  
Your meditations general and light  
At first, too quickly to the searching brain  
Grow close and anxious ; some perplexing theme  
Beyond its power, perhaps of things to come,  
Of the Almighty's plan, to human thought 130

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 PART I.
 

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Forbidden and obscure, possess the mind,  
 In which it finds a toil intense and vain.  
 Then from all lesser care estrang'd, it quits  
 Each cheerful scene, all gaiety foregoes,  
 And fastens to its torment. Friends in vain      135  
 Essay diversion's art, and strive to tempt  
 The musing brow to gladness and to smiles.  
 Frowns, or the smiles of contumely meet  
 The kindly wish—The mind still muses on;  
 Forgets its wont delights, and scornful deems      140  
 All occupation save of Reason vain.  
 Deluded Man, and weak! too late thou find'st  
 That Reason's labours out of Reason's sphere  
 Are feeble, fruitless all, and soon or late,  
 It brings its own presumption's punishment.—      145  
 As when some hind of giant form and strength,

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PART I.

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---

Spurr'd by defiance, or desire of gain,  
Makes desp'rate trial of his force, and sinks  
Beneath the daring effort ; over-forc'd  
Some spring of the machine so fine and vast, 150  
He feels his longest day the latent hurt  
And boasts his strength no more : just so  
The faculty of thought unfitly urged,  
Grows feeble with the subtle task, and yields  
Its wonted force ; and Reason overpower'd 155  
Stands impotent to duties easy once  
And fit for its employ.—Unguarded then  
On Fancy's frontiers rush a dreadful host,  
Gaunt Hypochondria and her hellish train,  
Of hideous qualms, of horrors and of dreams 160  
Dire and of horrid aspect, and the once  
Fair regions devastate and over-run ;

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 PART I.
 

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---

Mocking with grimly laugh poor Reason's power,  
 That scared and unresisting stands aloof,  
 And sinks supine, and wonders at its fears. 165

Its fatal fault is now discerned, and oft  
 Discover'd at this point 'tis not too late.

Still in the bosom of Society,

And there alone, amid those trifling cares  
 Deem'd frivolous of late, and thy contempt 170

Provoking, may be found effective force  
 To route these fell invaders of thy peace.

Move in the general bustle, kindle hopes,  
 And int'rests that to man belong ; concerns

That give the mind a various exercise, 175

Divert, and not fatigue ; from these and such  
 Affections as may soothe the drooping heart,

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PART I.

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---

And wake the milder passions into life,  
The phantoms fly, and reason reigns again.

Nor less your fate I mourn, who shun mankind 180

To feed a fav'rite grief, to drop, unwatch'd,

The tear of cherish'd sorrow : for to you

A path of equal danger open lies ;

Thro' the same course ye pass to equal woes.

To the dear mem'ry of a parent lost, 185

Or friend, or beauteous maid that shared the heart,

I own 'tis hard to check the urgent tear,

I own 'tis comforting to let it flow.

A tender tear becomes a hero's cheek,

And Nature sanctions it ; but asks no more. 190

Nature forbids the stedfast ling'ring grief

By loneliness sustain'd :—its dire effects

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 PART I.
 

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Learn of GIRALDUS' fate, and counsell'd thence,  
 The grateful tribute of affection paid,  
 Abjure seclusion, and be sad no more. 195

GIRALDUS was a youth of fairest hope,  
 For talent honor'd, and yet more belov'd  
 For ev'ry virtue that exalts the heart.  
 FIDELIO was his friend, and such a friend  
 The world counts seldom. By each other lov'd 200  
 Insensibly, companions from the dawn  
 Of earliest consciousness, their amity  
 Seem'd brotherhood. Their kindness they exchange'd  
 Unmark'd by either and as instinct's deed :  
 Their views their feelings harmoniz'd ; with each 205  
 The other's sweet communion chas'd each care,  
 And doubled in participating joy.

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 PART I.
 

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One morning, such a morn as lifts the soul  
 With ev'ry sanguine, ev'ry cheery thought ;  
 When to the world the early sun lights up      210  
 The blooming promise of the infant year,  
 And zephyrs temper his unclouded beams,  
 GIRALDUS and FIDELIO rose at dawn,  
 (For they had learnt to shun the midnight haunt  
 And wake with nature) soon together met,      215  
 And eager sallied on the glorious scene.—  
 They gazed elate,—their joyous spirits ran  
 Nigh to delirium's height. Confederate  
 In such delight, small wonder that their love  
 Was long and true. The Ocean was in sight,      220  
 And tempted soon their wandering steps ; a boat  
 Invited to excursion ; one they oft  
 Had guided through the deep : they bounded in,

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PART I.

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Unfurl'd its little canvas to the gale,  
And briskly scudded o'er the buxom wave. 225  
Far distant on the green expanse they ran  
And gazed, and talked, in cheerful interchange  
Of animated descant on the charms,  
Various and gay, of the retiring land.  
It was an hour of pure, of rapturous joy. 230  
Its transiency how mournful ! very soon  
It fled, and quickly in succession came  
An hour of woe unequal'd. Many a mile  
Unheeded on the wat'ry world had skimm'd  
The giddy vessel, when at distance rose 235  
The big-swoln sullen cloud, then swifter roll'd  
Progressive, and at last extending wide,  
Frown'd deepest gloom dark-shadowing all around.  
And now the blast grew strong, and stronger yet,



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PART I.

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With sturdier force the whitening billows heaved,  
And the deep thunder loud confirm'd the storm.  
Far was the land—the gale opposed—the bark,  
Light and unsteady, yielded to the wave,  
Its keel up-turn'd, and gave the deep its burthen.

Long time the hapless youth with stubborn limb 245  
Toil'd mid the briny tumult, when a Ship  
That distant had their danger seen, bore up  
And gave GIRALDUS safety ; then the crew  
Sought anxiously FIDELIO to discern.  
The care was vain—he never was seen more ! 250

From that sad hour GIRALDUS knew not peace.  
Many a long day his grief was agony—  
More keen the arrow's barbed point ne'er gave,

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 PART I.
 

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More keen ne'er dwelt upon the scorpion's tongue.  
 He raved, he wept ;—groans burst from his full heart  
 Incessant, deep.—He wish'd that with his friend  
 He too had sunk, and curs'd the friendly hands  
 That gave him back to life FIDELIO shared not.  
 His anguish soften'd then, and tears would flow,  
 And tranquil seem'd his heart. Yet still was vain 260  
 Persuasion's power to bend his alter'd mind  
 To occupation, and its wont pursuits :  
 He loved his woe, and sorrowing still he lived ;  
 Resigning all his energy of soul  
 To the insidious languor of his grief. 265  
 He loved to dream of happiness gone by  
 Divided with his friend, and mem'ry's stores  
 To search with anxious care, for ev'ry hour  
 Mark'd there by some event, slight tho' it were,

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 PART I.
 

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Illustrative of his FIDELIO's worth ; 270  
 And wept to think such hours would ne'er recur.  
 Thought else he ne'er admitted ; and to feast  
 On those uncheck'd, he bade the world adieu,  
 And took retreat from bustle far remov'd,  
 Within the hut of an old fisherman ;— 275  
 A solitary spot, and neighbouring that  
 Where stood of late the fatal bark, that bore  
 FIDELIO to his fate.—There long he lived,  
 The wonder and the pity of his host.  
 Strange habits did he learn :—to books sometimes  
 An hour he gave, but chief the muse he loved,  
 And oft himself invoking her he told  
 In mournful strains his woe : sometimes away  
 Sudden he sallied, and unknown his course,  
 And thro' the day return'd not to partake 285

## PART I.

The fisher's humble board ; nay, very oft,  
Two days or three he rambled none knew where :  
And ever at the dusky time of eve  
His custom was to wander on the beach  
And muse, and often as the old man mark'd, 290  
Long and unmov'd he stood, and fixed his eye  
With steady gaze, directed to the place  
Where the big wave his friend in darkness whelm'd—  
So still, that thro' the gloom he look'd a statue—  
Stirring his sickly fancy to renew 295  
Each circumstance of that disastrous time.  
Anon with hurried step he moved away,  
And falt'ring stop'd again ; directing then  
As stedfastly his eye upon the ground.

It wrung the old man's heart to see him thus, 300  
Stern as he was, rude-thoughted, and untamed

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PART I.

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To Pity's tender sway ; for 'twas his fear  
Madness might lord it in his noble mind,  
And terrors throng his brain. What power he had  
Of homely eloquence, he tried, to soothe 305  
His anguish, and divert a moment's care :  
And when the long dull hours of darkness came,  
The wonted sleep so welcome to his frame  
With toil oppress'd, concern for his poor guest  
Would oft defer, while listening he lay, 310  
And heard him pace his little chamber round  
With step irregular.

One gloomy night,

When the dark storm blew loud, the sea-bird scream'd  
At intervals, and up the tow'ring cliff  
The curling surges climb'd with dreary roar, 315  
He heard him quit the hovel (usual then)  
And, with a sigh, whisp'ring a prayer to Heav'n

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 PART I.
 

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To send him happier moments, sunk to rest.  
 Sad were his dreams, for heavy was his heart,—  
 Ill-omen'd, boding to the wretched youth      320  
 Disast'rous fate.—Uncheery rose the morn,  
 Retarded long by the yet ling'ring storm,  
 And at its first dim ray, impatient fled  
 The dismal slumbers of the hoary man.  
 Still of his guest he thought with anxious fear;      325  
 The hovel he had left, and his return  
 He had not heard; his vacant bed confirm'd  
 His absence still.—A kinder couch he'd found  
 On the smooth sand—a bed of sound repose;  
 There now he lay, and mighty ocean roar'd      330  
 His lullaby to everlasting rest.

Short the suspense that pain'd his anxious host;

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 PART I.
 

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---

As to his toil he loiter'd, slow and sad,  
 Upon the beach GIRALDUS met his sight ;—  
 Prone at the bottom of the cliff he lay,                    335  
 Forsaken by the waves that lately gave  
 His frenzied soul relief ; there now he slept  
 All pale, and cold, and peaceful as FIDELIO !

Self slaughter ! how it shocks the soul at ease !  
 And at the awful thought, GIRALDUS too                    340  
 Like thee had shuddered, e'er his treach'rous woe  
 Had tempted him to Solitude. The mind  
 There unreliev'd, inverted on itself,  
 Falls to itself a prey.—Its inward course  
 Through all the nice gradations of its ill,                    345  
 Mysterious theme ! but little suits the muse.  
 The mind's distemper in its various forms,

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 PART I.
 

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---

And close alliance with the subject frame,  
 E'en proud Philosophy hath found a task  
 Elusive of her power.—Enough to know 350  
 Its signs external and its dread effects.

To yon drear shades a melancholy maid (1)  
 Oft guides her pensive steps—there taught to seek  
 Religion's shrine, and there her off'rings take  
 Of gratitude and prayer. Oh error sad! 355  
 In that sweet face an hollow eye appears  
 Glaring distraction ; and thy form divine  
 Is shaken with unquiet thoughts. *Thou know'st*  
 No peace, no heav'nly beams of tranquil joy,  
 Which on her children (as her pastors teach) 360  
 Religion ever sheds.—Poor slave of terror !  
 In that lone bower a demon wanders oft,



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 PART I.
 

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The name usurping of the Angel maid  
 To fetter souls like thine.—Her hast thou found,  
 In vassalage to *Superstition* crouch'd. 365

A fiery scourge she brandishes aloft,  
 And thunders menace in thy tender ears  
 Till horror fill thy soul.—She bids thee come  
 Each day thy torment to renew, and thou  
 Poor slave of terror ! fearst to disobey. 370

Curst fiend ! of ignorance and monkish craft  
 Detested progeny ! who madd'ning taughtst  
 Clement and Ravailac (2) their damning deeds ;  
 And hast as lavishly destruction dealt  
 (And twice more terribly, with all thy racks 375  
 And tortures) as the deity of old  
 Of Macedonia's Robber—how rejoic'd

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PART I.

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The wane of thy dominion I behold !  
Yet mourning at an evil rising still  
From thy dominion's wreck. For thy black deeds  
Dishonouring thy fraudulent name, will oft  
Make infidels of whom thou mak'st not fools.

Yet works thy tott'ring power effects so fell !  
And canst thou pluck the rose from beauty's cheek,  
And canst thou dim the lustre of an eye,                    385  
Once mildly radiant fixing every gaze ?  
Plant sullenness within a tender breast,  
For every milder virtue once adored,  
Heighten'd by each exterior grace, and charm  
Of affable demeanour ? Wake remorse,                    390  
Keen as the murd'ers, in the spotless heart  
Which snow-white Innocence had made her throne ?

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 PART I.
 

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---

Deluded maid ! her feeble power defy.  
 Religion dwells mid scenes of social joy.  
 Go, seek her there—an aspect mild she wears 395  
 And smiling, cheerfulness inspiring round.  
 Duties congenial to thy gentle heart  
 Her lessons teach, expulsive of despair ;  
 And hymns of comfort from her dulcet voice  
 Shall lull to peace thy terror-tortur'd breast. 400

Far—far from virtuous bosoms, be the dream,  
 That on the social smile suspends a bait  
 To snare us to perdition. Is't not strange  
 That stubborn indolence hath e'er been deem'd  
 To God a duty?—that, delirium-led, (3) 405  
 Man *in the service* of his maker erst  
 Wore out his high capacity unmoved,

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 PART I.
 

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And useless as the rooted weed he made  
 His pillow on the rock ?—or in the cave  
 Himself yet breathing buried—prostrate lay,      410  
 Constant, as life had ne'er exalted him  
 Above the clay he prest ?—Or wilder yet,  
 Higher exposure of his frenzy, rais'd  
 On column tops, the sport of passing winds,  
 The mockery of the wiser wild-bird flights      415  
 That merry chirp'd around, attended there  
 On the chill blast, or light'ning's flash his fate,  
 Fixing himself his folly's monument ?

But 'twas a martyrdom to spiritual pride,  
 A glorious triumph o'er the fleshly foe,      420  
 O'er ev'ry vice that riots mid the world !

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PART I.

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Yes—'twas the triumph that the Coward earns,  
Who shuns the field, then boasts the conquest his.

'Sham'd of such views, ye—nobler devotees !  
Generous enthusiasts ! whose brave bosoms felt 425  
The mingling glow of piety and love,  
(Union to humanize a savage soul)  
We learn to venerate—exalted minds !  
Who deem'd that not in vain had Heav'n infus'd  
Strength in your arms, and valour in your hearts, 430  
While might gave law to justice, while the weak  
And virtuous groaned beneath oppression's rod ;  
And that if All-beneficence could wish  
Man's suff'rings his approval to deserve,  
'Twas those encounter'd suff'rings to relieve. 435

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 PART I.
 

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How sweetly did the Sage of Zurich tell (4)  
 Of all the pleasures of the lonely scene !  
 How have I hung enchanted o'er his page,  
 And at the joys he pictur'd felt my heart  
 Responsive beat, and softly melt away 440  
 In mildest transport !—but it sadden'd more  
 To learn the story of his latter days—  
 To find this Son of Virtue and of Science  
 To Melancholy victim, and by her  
 Depriv'd of ev'ry comfort they bestow, 445  
 To cheer grey age, to brighten life's last rays.  
 He found her surely in his much-lov'd haunts  
 Of pensive stillness, for in such abodes  
 She most delights to dwell, and there,  
 Pale rumination tracking, artful steals 450  
 With meek insinuating air at first

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 PART I.
 

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Upon her vot'ries' hearts : there once possess'd,  
 Too soon her deadly potency they find.

Lamented ZIMMERMAN ! his goodness all,  
 His piety and wisdom, could not start 455  
 One beam of hope from his dejected eye  
 Beneath her sway. A brilliant star he rose,  
 And shone in lustre thro' his mid-way course,  
 But set in clouds. By unsuspected steps,  
 The gloomy, stubborn, unrelenting fiend, 460  
 On his great mind insidiously imposed  
 Gradual dominion, all his powers depress'd,  
 Scowl'd on his venerable brow, his tongue  
 Lull'd to mute torpor, whence before had flow'd  
 Refining precept, and instructive truth, 465  
 And sunk him down despondent to his grave.

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 PART I.
 

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'Tis said seclusion elevates the mind  
 To highest virtue, lifts to views sublime,  
 And wakes the noblest feelings of the heart.  
 'Tis fancy's work, illusive oft and false. 470

Make but the test (5)—The moralist recluse  
 Will weep at visionary woe, and much  
 Will wonder it should ever want relief:  
 But with wild graces, and romantic charms,  
 Imagination decks his feign'd distress, 475  
 That ne'er its sad reality adorn.

Emerging from his closet let him meet  
 A ragged mendicant, a low born child  
 Of wretchedness, assailing his nice ear  
 With rudest supplication—he will turn 480  
 Careless, unheeded, undisturb'd away,  
 E'er yet his mind has cool'd of the conceit



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 PART I.
 

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Of his unbounded pity, generous views.  
 A tale of complicated wrong relate  
 That asks him active efforts to redress— 485  
 He'll sicken at the care-fraught task, and still  
 Retire to charity of *thought*, to *wish*  
 The best to all, and think that wish is virtue.  
 How many at this easy rate have been  
 As active MARLB'ROUGH brave, as BLAIR devout,  
 Enlight'ning and benevolent as RUMFORD.  
 Misguided Sensibility ! and these  
 With pharasaic pride look down on minds  
 Not train'd to virtue indolent as theirs,  
 Like theirs, elate with sentiment alone. 495  
 One humble friendly heart is worth them all ;  
 One who professing nought is bustling still  
 For general benefit ; who every day

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PART I.

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A thousand petty services performs  
Grateful to those he loves, and making large 500  
By small supplies the stock of human bliss.

Who forms himself a duty 'mongst mankind,  
Conscious a duty must belong to all,  
And justly cheerfully performs it, proof  
'Gainst Fortune's rubs, 'gainst Envy's short liv'd spleen ;  
Who takes the world as 'tis, mends where he can,  
And where he cannot, can his conscience tell  
He did not spare the trial ; grasps the sweets,  
Few tho' they be, that fall within his reach,  
Nor proudly spurns them that they are not more ;  
Enacts the fittest part of human kind :  
An easy peaceful state of mind he bears,  
Of greater worth than all the rapt'rous fits

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PART I.

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The mawkish sons of sentiment e'er knew.  
And cynic-snarls may scoff, and Hermits rail     515  
At public life contemptuous ; such a man  
On them too justly may retort the strain ;  
A greater far, a higher mind than theirs.  
From pride the meanest vice their conduct springs,  
From resignation, noblest virtue, his.             520



Society.

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PART THE SECOND.

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## ANALYSIS OF PART THE SECOND.

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*Power of the sentiment of social love, which even in the disgusted Hermit, who withdraws it from mankind, will lead to an affection for brutes and inanimate objects.*

*Pictures of the lonely bird-watcher and of the hay-field group contrasted. Village summer evening and winter evening. Cheering effect of Society on the solitary traveller.*

*In a state of captivity or of exile, the loss of Society forms the principal source of suffering. The bed of sickness or death, finds in surrounding Friendship its greatest alleviation; and the hope of renewing social attachments, forms the prominent idea of the happiness of a future existence. A scene of this kind is compared with what may be supposed to be the sufferings of the unhappy adventurer, who in exploring unknown regions, is overtaken by death, detached from all that is dear to him;—illustrated in the probable fate of Peyrouse.*

*Society the sole resource of age and infirmity.—Its pleasing and beneficial effects upon the student—allusion to the poet Savage, Mrs. Montague's Society, the parties of Voltaire, and the Literary Society.*

## ANALYSIS OF PART THE SECOND.

*The beauties of Nature are enjoyed with double effect in Society ; and scenes of splendour and festivity derive their sole attraction from the same cause.*

*By combination of his powers, man has attained to those great advances in art or science, which distinguish him in civilized life. Science and the social principle have mutually assisted each other ; and their progress has induced those enlarged sentiments of concern for general happiness, to which we are (in this country particularly) indebted for the many institutions directed to the public benefit.*

*With these considerations a reflection naturally contrasts itself on the degraded condition of the Wild-Boy.*

*Virtuous sentiments gain strength by association ; —the utility of frequent and early intercourse with the world, by which those fantastic and over-sanguine notions of human life are corrected, which otherwise engender disgust and ennui.—Rousseau's unhappy state of mind, attributed to his solitary disposition.—The minor duties of society, to be learnt only by social habits.*

*A brief recapitulation concludes the poem.*



## SOCIETY.

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### PART II.

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Hence from the mournful, solitary view  
 Of Pride, dark-musing and deluding Grief,  
 To brigher pictures, glowing with the charms  
 Of kind emotion, Sympathy and Love,  
 And virtues that from social union spring. 5

Sweet social love! of every human breast  
 First, inmost sentiment—when passions dark  
 Thy deadliest foes invade, thou linger'st still.

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 PART II.
 

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Savaged indeed the heart, perverted far  
 That hath forgot thee quite. The self-deem'd Sage  
 Immured in surly arrogance, still feels  
 Thy last weak influence guide him to some brute  
 Accustomed to his sight ; and objects oft  
 Inanimate, a fav'rite bush or tree,  
 Will claim the love unchannell'd tow'rds his kind. 15  
 Hence the affection the poor pris'ner bore (1)  
 Ev'n to the reptile of his dungeon walls ;  
 And thus old QUARLL of legendary fame  
 Cheer'd with his BEAUFIDELLE (2) his lonely hours,  
 And found the counterfeit of friendship's charms 20  
 (Itself denied) sole solace of his life.

Mark in yon field, where lies the watchful boy  
 To scare the feather'd plund'ers :—sad he looks,

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PART II.

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For no companion hears his careless thoughts  
To change them for his own ; intolerant 25  
He feels the mid-day beam, that on the heath  
Darts with'ring, tho' no toil his blood ferment.  
Not so the busy group beyond. Imbrown'd,  
And melting in the blaze, they sing and chat  
And wield the rake unheeding. 'Tis the charm 30  
Their numbers give, their labour that beguiles.  
The jest goes round, the jeering compliment  
Provokes satiric contest, playful sneers ;  
While many a village anecdote recall'd,  
Reviving times gone by, the gossip tells, 35  
And thro' the live-long day good humour reigns.  
The lonely boy too, when at eve he meets  
His play-mates on the sportful green, shall feel  
A joy compensate to the day's dull task ;

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 PART II.
 

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Amid the merry party he will share 40

The circulating pleasure and be blest.

Mean-time (the youth in active pastime bent)

The aged clust'ring at each others' doors,

No less enjoy their rustic coterie.

Thrice happy meetings ! crown'd with purest joys ;

Where Nature does what Wisdom fain would teach.

Thrice happy circles !—When the ample bowl

Smoaks fever-charged, and with its pois'nous fumes

Men madd'ning fancy riot happiness,

In sad comparison I've pictured scenes 50

Like this, and sighed when all was frenzy round.

With keen regret hath mourning mem'ry told

Of festivals where joyous spirits flowed

From temp'rance sprung ; where lusty exercise

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PART II.

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Exhausting them bestowed a kind fatigue,           55  
And slumbers, light and peaceful, took their turn  
While yet a lurking ray gleam'd o'er the plain.

A ruder season comes. Stern winter reigns ;  
And darkness more than equal empire holds :  
The feeble day peeps faintly o'er the waste,           60  
And straight reclines.—On the bleak north-breeze flits  
The quiv'ring fleece, at the lone cottage door,  
Held scarcely vacant when the hind would view  
The desolate expanse, intruding thick,  
And bleaching half the murky robe of night.       65  
Each source of pleasure seems in Frost's arrest.  
But 'tis not so.—Around the glowing blaze,  
Fed long and amply by the sturdy log,  
Together throng the tenants of the wild

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 PART II.
 

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And charm the hours away. Enlarging now 70  
 In simple comment on the village news—  
 Who last in church their wedding banns proclaim'd,  
 Or who hath met mishap ; or guess the fate  
 Of some unhappy swain who left his home  
 And labour for the wars. Now sayings tell, 75  
 Jeering or sage, that condescending dropt  
 From Parson or from Squire, admiring mark'd.  
 Or on the Hamlet's sad traditions dwell,  
 Of ruin'd tower perhaps, or desert spot  
 Mark'd in the neighb'ring forest, where time past  
 Some way-lost man was murder'd for his wealth,  
 And ever since his spirit hov'ring nigh,  
 Hath made the fatal place of fearful note ;  
 And scares each passenger who knows the tale  
 (Chancing to intercept his nearer way) 85

## PART II.

To rout circuitous. Or haply bent  
 On manual frolick, minded of the time  
 Of custom'd gambols, by surrounding slips  
 Of prickly evergreen, that now bedeck  
 The lowly walls, with many a crafty prank, 90  
 And many a romp, and many a ravish'd kiss  
 'Neath the pale misletoe now lawful made,  
 They free their hearts of all the care they own  
 In mirthful revelry, uncheck'd and loud.

The traveller that destin'd far from home 95  
 Unknown and cheerless journeys, while fatigue  
 His limbs invade, and heavy thoughts his heart;  
 Perchance o'er desert wide, or tangled wild,  
 Where lurks the ruthless robber—timid, slow,  
 And melancholy wastes the weary way. 100

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PART II.

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But should a social spirit passing near  
Invite him to acquaintance, with remark  
Of how the weather goes, or how the times,  
Full briskly then the moments glide away  
Quick by discourse dismiss'd ; which prompting soon  
To nearer confidence, the heart expands,  
The bosom lightens, danger and fatigue  
Disperse, and oft the journey ends too soon.

As the green bough of sturdiest tree when torn  
From its companion-branches droops and dies, 110  
The captive so, from fellowship cut off,  
Finds in his thralldom thence its bitterest woe,  
And when he sighs for freedom, sighs for friends.  
The exile and the lonely wanderer thus  
Feel but enlarged captivity. In vain 115



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PART II.

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Mid nature's beauties, or the stores of thought,  
They woo relief ; short the relief they find,  
Much oft'ner boasted in poetic song,  
Than tasted, while remembrance intervenes  
Of friends afar, perhaps for ever lost. 120

Go, seek the dismal chamber where Disease  
Reclines with pallid cheek, and wasted form ;  
Where thro' the half-closed shutter sadly creeps  
A feeble ray, that scarce a twilight sheds ;  
And all around distressing signs appear 125  
Of fruitless remedies.—Mark then how sweet  
To lift the languid eye upon a friend !  
To feel upon the flutt'ring pulse the grasp  
Of one beloved !—it beats with firmer force,  
The languid eye beams momentary joy, 130

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 PART II.
 

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And Sickness, cheated by the smiling scene,  
 Awhile forgets her pain-inflicting task.  
 E'en at the closing hour, the mournful group  
 Surrounding, the departing soul protect  
 From half its horrors.—Hopes to renovate      135  
 With the fond weeping circle those sweet ties  
 That gave this meaner life its only joys,  
 Indissolubly, dwell upon the mind;  
 The fleeting spirit strengthens with the thought,  
 For gloomy fears the heart beats slow to peace  
 With every good, and every grateful wish,  
 And blessings murmur on the latest breath.

Say ye, whose tender bosoms deeply take  
 (Too deeply often for your peace) the stamp  
 Of friendship and of love—why when the hand      145

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PART II.

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Of Death, promiscuously fatal, bear  
Untimely from your hearts, and from your hopes,  
Beings who held the foremost place in both,  
Whose care was yours, and whom in active mood  
Imagination fondly parts assign'd 150  
In all your visions of unstasted joy—  
Why still some silent moments do you seek  
To contemplate the dreary blank thus made  
In all your worldly hope!—why drop your tears 155.  
In soft complacency? why do your hearts  
Luxuriate in sorrow? In your prayers,  
Nightly invoking on their unlodged souls  
Angelic peace, why mingle throbs that yield  
Sweet comfort to your hearts? Dark is the view 160  
To Reason's eye beyond the grave's dread confine,  
And Faith can give it neither mode nor form

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PART II.

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To fix your errant expectation. Thus  
Fancy will picture it from pleasures known,  
And with these objects of your sorrow first 165  
Renew'd communion on her canvas starts.  
Hence the soft joy that tempers every sigh.  
Affection tells, the scene however fair,  
Unblest with them were vacant of delight.

His lot far other, whom his fate confronts 170  
From home remote, from kindred and from friends.  
Think on the man (ambition's worthiest aim ;  
Claiming a wreath humanity might weave,  
And justice grant the homage she denies.  
The blood-wash'd laurels of th' invader's brow) 175  
Who roves thro' climes unvisited before,  
In spite of danger various-form'd, to wrest

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PART II.

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Nature's yet hidden secrets—proofs anew  
Of God's omnipotence and wisdom vast,  
Afar should death arrest his wandering course. 180

Long Science linger'd on the Gallic shore,  
And watch'd and wept, and wept and watch'd in vain,  
To hail once more her long lost brave Peyrouse.  
He came not.—Time his wonted round ran on,  
And flatt'ring hope now promised him no more. 185  
Ah! then what bodings flock upon her thought!  
He perishes deserted—captive made  
Of wanton barbarism; or a helpless prey  
Fall'n to the hungry lion; or, perchance,  
The breeze of pestilence has reach'd his heart, 190  
And way-worn on the pathless waste he sinks  
To rise no more. Oh direst agony!

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PART II.

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No friend, no relative, no fellow man  
To pity and relieve ! No anxious aid,  
No solace, no compassion soothes his soul—  
The parching beam of day respects him not,  
The night-blast sweeps regardless o'er his head.  
He mourns his many hazards vainly run,  
His labours profitless—None nigh to reap,  
And bear his dear acquirements to the world,     200  
To hear and cherish his last parting prayer.  
To Heav'n he rolls his dim death-stricken eye  
His doom t' avert—in vain—he groans, he dies.  
The forest leaves waft with'ring o'er his corse,  
Deep-toned the prowling wolf his requiem howls.

Pass to the weary and deserted couch  
Of grey Infirmitv ; the wreck of health

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 PART II.
 

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And strength, in Nature's stealing progress borne  
 To piteous helplessness. Ungrateful Youth  
 Its cheerful smiles denying him, his mind        210  
 Dwells undiverted on the view of death,  
 Approaching with delib'rate pace, as loth  
 To seize a prey so fair, so long resisting.  
 Bear with his childishness, and let him taste  
 A social hour; thine ear awhile allow        215  
 To his garrulity, his fav'rite tales  
 Of earlier times, when he was young and gay.  
 'Twill make him happy, stir his sluggish blood  
 To brisker circulation, and perhaps  
 Défer the hour when it must flow no more.        220

This is the only pleasure age can know;  
 Nor surely less the pleasure to bestow it.

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 PART II.
 

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Of late my worldly callings drew me oft  
 Where such a man dozed out his eve of life.  
 A man of bustle had he been, and chose 225  
 Life's busiest cares : his active spirits yet  
 Scarce ninety pilfering years had plundered out ;  
 And thus his heavy fate more heavy seem'd.  
 His energies decaying, he resigned  
 His interests to the kindred next his heart, 233  
 And sought repose. Sole on his interests bent,  
 His kindred soon forgot their source. Neglect  
 Repaid their benefactor, or when nigh,  
 Contempt was smirking in each face, and sneers  
 For errors of his fast-decaying sense 235  
 And wasted memory. The old man felt  
 His mortifying lot, and drooped apace.  
 Yet when the zephyr breath'd, and the bright sun



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PART II.

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Shone gaily forth, he hobbled to his door  
And cheery gazed upon the world : and oft      240  
He stopt (for much acquaintance had he made)  
A passer by, to ask how fared his health  
And what the news. In ruder times he sat  
Unjoyous in an old arm-chair. When I appear'd,  
He rose ('twas all he could) and shook my hand.  
He gladden'd at my sight, for well he knew  
I scorn'd him not, but had a willing ear  
For his discourse. He told me his complaints  
E'en that was comfort—told me how his friends  
No more delighted in his sight ; and thence,      250  
A natural step, reverted to his days  
Of youth and happiness : then tidings ask'd  
Of how the world went now. Unsparing I  
Freely the wish'd intelligence supplied,

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PART II.

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'Till smiles would play upon his wrinkled cheeks,  
And all his cares, and all his woes seem'd nought.  
And when the hour of separation came,  
He grieved it was so soon, in warmest phrase  
Talk'd of what thanks he was in debt to me  
That I had done him so much charity,           260  
Then with his palsied hand again shook mine  
And bade me soon return.

Ye coxcomb host ! who vacant hearted dance  
The giddy round of folly, own no joy  
Save where the taper blazes, where the crowd   265  
Of fashion thickens, and the buzz runs round  
Of simpering salutation, or discourse  
Vapid and frivolous—Forgive the muse  
If here she would invite you from the throng,

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PART II.

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Sometimes to pass an hour, a weary hour,           270  
(For weary hours will evermore be found  
In time thus spent) to some sad suff'ring friend ;  
To lend thy spirits to dispel the gloom  
Of drooping sickness, or decaying age,  
And try a pleasure that the heart approves.           275

Perplex'd with study, when th' exploring mind  
Follows appearances with anxious eye  
To their deep source in undiscover'd truth,  
Till the brain ache exhausted with its toil,  
What sweet relief to burst upon the world !           280  
To saunter on the promenade, or join  
A cheerful few, with whom the heart delights  
In friendly pastime to unbend ; perchance  
Where beauty smiles, and with the fragrant cups

## PART II.

- Of sober yet exhilarating tea 285  
 Inspired, to playful raillery invites ;  
 Or music ever-charming, copious source  
 Of blameless entertainment, drives dull time  
 So swift we lose the measure of his pace.
- In some sad corner comfortless and drear, 290  
 Thro' the long day by poverty confined,  
 Poor fortune-goaded SAVAGE, (4) suffering long  
 The curse of Genius, the unfailing woes  
 Its pride entails, its scorn of prosp'rous paths  
 Of vulgar tread, would often steal away 295  
 By favour of the friendly night, to join  
 The social throng, and from its magic charms  
 Still found for Fortune's wounds a soothing balm.  
 And what the higher joys that Genius oft

## PART II.

- So arrogantly boasts? — A fame deserved 300
- 'Tis true is pleasure, and of fair account :
- But woe to him who builds his first delight
- Upon renown ; — a poor vexatious hope !
- The breath of envy to the humbler mind
- Innoxious, vain, is pestilence to him. 305
- An honest fame a target is for fools,
- And 'tis an ever anxious careful task
- To guard it from their shafts. And often spleen,
- And foul-mouth'd rancour to the contest call'd,
- No less than the unmerited assault 310
- Degrade the just defence. Thus vainly bent,
- Protecting what will still be insecure,
- Oft is the heart to much enjoyment steel'd
- As 'neath its care : and (cheated of its hope)
- The social feelings lose their pleasing power. 315

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 PART II.
 

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Then who would found his bliss on such desires ?  
 The kind affections Sympathy awakes,  
 By Virtue guided, give a surer joy.

And ye whose craving minds unworthy deem  
 All pleasures save of Knowledge, ev'ry hour 320  
 Mispent but at her shrine, go mingle where  
 The vot'ries of Instruction meet, and pass  
 In converse tasteful, various, unconstrain'd,  
 An hour that lightens yet improves the mind.  
 Thus MONTAGUE with elegant delight 325  
 Enliven'd her fair circles ; (5) such the charms  
 In that convention which together drew  
 The various GARRICK, JOHNSON sternly wise,  
 Poor OLIVER, and all the fav'rite Sons  
 Of Genius, to refresh their fainting minds 330  
 With classic mirth, from all their closet toils.

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 PART II.
 

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Th' enlighten'd Lord of FERNEY's chosen shade (6)  
 Sought not its charms to feed unsocial thoughts,  
 And whine amid its bowers. His gate unclos'd  
 At Friendship's summons ; merit ever there 335  
 A welcome found, and thus from Nature's charms  
 A twenty-fold enjoyment would he draw  
 Mid these to see them shar'd. 'Twould glad his heart  
 At even-tide to see his table full,  
 And from his teeming mind, exhaustless source, 340  
 To pour his various knowledge, or diffuse  
 With attic merriment the smile around.  
 Fancy delighted dwells on scenes like these,  
 Instructive as convivial : often there  
 Truth, by the lonely student sought in vain, 345  
 From thought to thought opposed, collision sharp,  
 Resistless flashes forth with double charms.

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PART II.

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And Wisdom ever consecrates the feast  
Where Genius recreates, and Wit presides.

Such the repasts in TULLY's honour'd bowers, (7) 350  
And such their charms, that his exalted mind  
That death could brave, yet met with broken heart  
The harder fate that tore him from his friends.

Sweet is the face of Nature, sweet to trace  
Her fair variety—where lifts the rock 355  
Its rude majestic head, and by its frown  
Obscured, the dark wave roars; or where the stream  
Of gentler current murmurs thro' the grove;  
Where spreads the cloudy forest; where the hut  
Finds shelter in the vale, whence mountains vast 360  
Ascend, or humbler hills the flocks supply.



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PART II.

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Ennobling views ! attesting that great power  
Whence all took being, waking thro' the soul  
An awful admiration, pious joy.

But with the great ideas thus inspired, 365

Yet this associate—that some loved friend  
Attends thy steps, and thine emotion shares,

A thousand fresh delights the prospect yields

Contributed by friendship ; each in each

New joy excites, and still that joy partakes ; 370

Like the bright flame opposing mirrors share

When each to each a heighten'd lustre adds,

Which still reflected back augments its own.

Whence but from social sentiment derive

The many fond pursuits, that bear the name 375

Of pleasure, their attraction ? In the dance,

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 PART II.
 

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When active mirth invites, the gala's glare,  
 The spectacle or fête, within the breast  
 This potent sentiment is reigning still,  
 And these illusive and seducing forms                    380  
 But modes of its affection. Ask the heart  
 If in the humble circle, where no pomp  
 Or ostentation aid, it hath not felt  
 As high, as grateful joy, as e'er bestow'd  
 Th' imposing glitter of the festive scene.                    385

Yet farther winds my theme ;—yet other views,  
 And views of wider import, claim the song.

'To what atchievements hath not man attain'd  
 By union of his powers? For gen'ral good  
 In league united, individual zeal                    390

## PART II.

Is twice increas'd. Then emulation spurs  
 To deeds of diligence else hopeless deem'd ;  
 Inviting then the mazy windings seem  
 To distant truth, but darkly yet discern'd ;  
 Unwearying then the toilsome path of Art. 395

I know there are who mourn, or feign to mourn,  
 That e'er fair Science, and her sister Art,  
 Taught man the worth of that celestial gift  
 That marks him lord of beings. (8) Groveling thought!  
 A time there has been when this sister-twain 400  
 Were not ; but can a human spirit look  
 Backward on such a time, or when they knew  
 But infant power, and think its lapse a woe ?  
 When that bright heavenly spark, our proudest boast,  
 Glowed unrefined, War lorded, and it served 405

## PART II.

Only to kindle vengeance for the field  
 Of rapine or of wrath? when ev'ry care  
 In ev'ry breast, by self alone was bounded,  
 Blind to the grateful truth that tells self good  
 Is best promoted in the good of all? 410

Or when all orders of this hither world  
 Were lord and servant, master and his slaves?  
 When wrong was weakness, right evinced alone  
 By strength of arm, or hardiness of nerve,  
 Fire or the sword the only test of both? 415

Shame on the thought! what phantasy can urge,  
 Save the poor pride of singly standing forth,  
 Champion of paradox, to such belief?  
 What wild perversion hinder ye who read  
 Tales of such times, to wonder and exult? 420

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PART II.

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Blest change ! when men, combining to be free,  
Philosophy invited to their aid,  
And order, social safety, public good,  
Grew terms of custom.—Then the tatter'd wretch,  
Tho' but a crust his labour's recompence, 425  
Might, thus reflecting, the poor morsel raise  
To daintiest relish.

“ This, at least, is mine.

“ Of this no tyrant can an atom claim,  
“ The labour mine that bought it. I for this,  
“ At liberty and unsuspected toil'd ; 430  
“ No despot fear'd, no scourge, no scorn endured  
“ From one but joint inheritor with me  
“ Of earth and the free air.”

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 PART II.
 

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Confined at first

The social principles, and devious work'd ;  
 But soon extending wrought sublimest ends. 435

Conspiring now in each enlighten'd view  
 Man humaniz'd apace : and all around  
 The patriot Briton now may contemplate  
 Each lib'ral purpose, each refining wish  
 Hail'd gladly, and with stedfastness upheld. 440

Calamity in every form beholds  
 Some generous hearts connected in her cause,  
 And sighs not hopeless. Indigent disease,  
 Poor feeble age, and friendless infancy,  
 The sacred woes of genius, and the wounds 445  
 Of fortune blindly dealt, respected all,  
 Have all their corp'rate ministry of aid.  
 Even the contrite slave of vice may find

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PART II.

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A refuge,—to escape the savage hunt  
Of desperation, ever in the train 450  
Of ruthless infamy, a way prepar'd  
Conducting to repentance and atonement.

Ye, woods of Hamelin, were witness once  
Of man, mere man, bare, insulate, unknown!  
The Wild Boy (9) wander'd long amid your shades,  
Inconscious, save of life; to vegetate  
His only wish or care; unmov'd his heart,  
And dark in idiot vacancy his mind.  
What was to you his mould celestial then—  
His high capacious powers? Ye mark'd them not.  
To you of undistinguish'd class he seem'd—  
Prone on the glebe, a brother of the herd.

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 PART II.
 

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Ah! little thought he, he had that within  
 Might aid to emulate e'en Nature's works,  
 The wonders of his God—To seeming life      465  
 By the creative pencil's power transform  
 The mimic canvass—all but breath impart  
 To change the shapeless marble into man;  
 The floods new-channel; from the quarry lift  
 Broad cupolas, and tow'ring pyramids,      470  
 To parallel the mountains, and with them  
 To pierce the clouds, and mingle with the storm!

Shared difficulty sinks to ease: the wise  
 Still a new wisdom from the wise may learn,  
 \*" And one brave hero fans another's fire."      475

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 \* Iliad.



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 PART II.
 

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When rides destruction on the tempest's wing,  
 The Sailor whistles, and his messmate's heart  
 Grows stronger at the animating sound.  
 Each great emotion nascent in the breast  
 At virtue's call, all-potent sympathy 480  
 Matures, and to enthusiasm warms.  
 When in the crowded theatre declaims  
 Brave ROLLA to his injured countrymen,  
 Tells of their rights by lawless power attack'd,  
 Their lands, their sacred liberties at stake, 485  
 By treach'rous robbers menaced, how each heart  
 Catches his noble fury! what a glow  
 (Far other than the closet ROLLA wakes)  
 Spreads thro' each breast of patriotic zeal!  
 So with the wild-wind's blast extends the flame 490  
 Which closely pent would smoulder and expire.

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 PART II.
 

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The closet forms half-sages and half-fools.  
 Forget not this, ye studious, and complete  
 By social intercourse, familiar, free,  
 Your wisdom from the volume of the world.      495  
 A wide, exhaustless study there begins.  
 Open betimes, read, unremitting turn  
 The interesting pages : there survey,  
 And mark, the infinitely various shades  
 Of man in various forms ; of manners each,      500  
 Of habits, passions, sentiments distinct.  
 Then with attentive mind their diff'rence trace,  
 And moral truth deducted from your search  
 Your labours shall reward—sound maxims form'd  
 Safe, on the view of Nature as she is.      505  
 A sound philosophy ye thus secure.  
 The solitary fool may idly scheme

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PART II.

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His great chimeras : often at a breath,  
The plainest wight school'd in the busy world,  
The corner-stone, the hypothetic base, 510  
Of his bright theories will shake at once,  
And down the splendid superstructure falls.

The world unmark'd, to treacherous Fancy's dreams  
The mind resign'd, in visionary hopes  
Refines its expectations and its views 515  
Of this short state of frailty, and of care ;  
And many a thorn thick scatter'd o'er the path  
The fond imagination strew'd with flowers,  
A deeper wound implants upon the heart  
Unguarded thus. — To such an one, alas !  
How soon the world appears a joyless wild.  
Soon as Experience with her steady hand

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 PART II.
 

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Withdraws the pictur'd curtain Fancy drew  
 Before the sad reality of things,  
 'Tis dreary all. In vain are beings sought      525  
 High-minded, delicate in thought and deed,  
 Responsive to his fancy-born desires :  
 And save when quiet undisturb'd permits  
 Recurrence to his self-created scenes,  
 Dejection, spleen, his tedious hours exhaust,      530  
 Alike the world tormenting, and himself.

'Twas thus that in the moody ROUSSEAU sprung  
 That singleness of heart, that turn'd his eye  
 Suspicious on his friends as on his foes,  
 Slackening affection's ties about his heart,      535  
 Estranging it from those that lov'd him most ;  
 Each dearest friend offended in his turn,

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 PART II.
 

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Till all mankind grew hateful : Soon, too soon  
 Finding no interesting passion fill  
 The dreary void the social ones had left                    540  
 Within his breast, listless he found his life,  
 Grew weary, sad, and wretched past relief.

Familiarized with motley-colour'd life,  
 Taught to hope humbly, and on juster scale  
 To estimate this nether state of man,                    545  
 We learn with temperance to meet its ills.  
 And what tho' blundering fortune oft exalt  
 The undeserving? What tho' folly boast  
 Of title oft and wealth, and vice may thrive?  
 Folly is folly ever,—vice but vice;                    550  
 And men of worth, in worth both rich and great,  
 Should view them still without an envious thought,

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 PART II.
 

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Should smile at ease, superior smile at fools  
 With fortune drunk. A fool is ever sport,  
 And surely greatest far when stilted thus. 555  
 When PIERROT in a Pantomime we see  
 Assume my LORD's attire, affect his air,  
 We laugh the more to see him so misplac'd.

Neglect not then th' important book of man.  
 There further those sweet duties may be learnt, 560  
 The charm of cultivated life ; there learnt,  
 To harmonize the various tastes of men,  
 What for the general good must be forborne,  
 What of compliance each must grant to all.

Society is man's appointed state, 565  
 Source of his high pre-eminence of rank

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PART II.

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In the great scale of being : there his mind  
Finds fittest field of exercise : his heart  
Most to his honour, most to his delight,  
Its passions there may guide : Some hours reserv'd  
Sacred to inward scrutiny, and some  
Claim'd by devotion, (few to minds who deem  
To Heav'n their duty best by actions shewn)  
There most of fleeting earthly joys he'll taste,  
There most may merit those that never end. 575

The first of these is the fact that the  
 government has been unable to  
 secure the necessary funds to  
 carry out its policy. This has  
 been due to a combination of  
 factors, including the high  
 cost of borrowing and the  
 unwillingness of the public to  
 supply the necessary resources.  
 The second major problem is  
 the lack of a clear and  
 consistent policy. The  
 government has been unable to  
 decide on a single course of  
 action, and this has led to  
 confusion and uncertainty  
 among the public. The third  
 problem is the lack of  
 coordination between the  
 different departments of the  
 government. This has led to  
 inefficiency and a waste of  
 resources. The fourth problem  
 is the lack of a strong  
 central authority. The  
 government has been unable to  
 enforce its policies, and this  
 has led to a breakdown in  
 discipline and order. The  
 fifth problem is the lack of  
 a strong and effective  
 judiciary. The courts have  
 been unable to enforce the  
 law, and this has led to  
 a state of lawlessness.  
 The sixth problem is the  
 lack of a strong and  
 effective executive. The  
 government has been unable to  
 carry out its policies, and  
 this has led to a state of  
 stagnation and decay. The  
 seventh problem is the lack  
 of a strong and effective  
 legislature. The parliament  
 has been unable to pass  
 the necessary laws, and this  
 has led to a state of  
 anarchy. The eighth problem  
 is the lack of a strong and  
 effective public service. The  
 government has been unable to  
 provide the necessary  
 services to the public, and  
 this has led to a state of  
 poverty and suffering. The  
 ninth problem is the lack of  
 a strong and effective  
 economy. The government has  
 been unable to create jobs  
 and to improve the standard  
 of living, and this has led  
 to a state of economic  
 collapse. The tenth problem  
 is the lack of a strong and  
 effective society. The  
 government has been unable to  
 create a sense of unity and  
 purpose among the people, and  
 this has led to a state of  
 social disintegration.



## NOTES

ON PART THE FIRST.

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Note 1, p. 26.

“To yon drear shades a melancholy maid”

In this picture, I have deviated only in the external circumstances, from a Copy which my own experience furnished me. A habit of solitude is generally the first stage, and always one stage, of religious madness; and no colouring can be extravagant in painting its dreadful effects on the object of my description.

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 TO PART I.
 

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Note 2, p. 27.

“Clement and Ravailac”

The fanatic assassins of Henrys the third and fourth of France.

Note 3, p. 29.

“Is't not strange

“That stubborn indolence hath e'er been deem'd

“To God a duty?—that, delirium led,” &c.

In illustration of this passage, the following extracts will instruct my reader, or remind such as may be already instructed, in some particulars of the extravagance of this passion for pious idleness and solitude, in the fourth and fifth centuries.

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TO PART I.

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“ A numerous sect of Anachorets derived their name from their humble practice of grazing in the fields of Mesopotamia with the common herd. They often usurped the den of some wild beast, whom they affected to resemble ; they buried themselves in some gloomy cavern, which art or nature had scooped out of the rock ; and the marble quarries of Thebais are still inscribed with the monuments of their penance. The most perfect hermits are supposed to have passed many days without food, many nights without sleep, and many years without speaking ; and glorious was the *man* (I abuse that name) who contrived any cell, or seat, of a peculiar construction, which might expose him, in the most inconvenient posture, to the inclemency of the seasons.”

*Gibbon's Decline and Fall.*

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 TO PART I.
 

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The next is an account of the Pillar-Saints, alluded to in the latter part of the paragraph :

“ Or wilder yet,  
 Higher exposure of his frenzy, rais'd  
 On column tops ”—————

“ Of all the instances of superstitious frenzy that disgraced this age, none was held in higher veneration, or excited more the wonder of the multitude, than that of a certain order of men, who were called Stylites by the Greeks, and Sancti Columnares, or Pillar-Saints, by the Latins. These were persons of a most singular and extravagant turn of mind, who stood motionless upon the tops of *pillars*, expressly raised for this exercise of their patience, and remained there for several years, amidst the admiration and ap-

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TO PART I.

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plause of the stupid populace. The inventor of this strange and ridiculous discipline was *Simeon*, a Syrian, who began his follies by changing the agreeable employment of a Shepherd, for the senseless austerities of the Monkish life. But his enthusiasm carried him still greater lengths ; for in order to climb as near Heaven as he could, he passed thirty-seven years of his wretched life upon five pillars of six, twelve, twenty-two, thirty-six, and forty cubits high, and thus acquired a most shining reputation, and attracted the veneration of all about him. Many of the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, seduced by a false ambition, followed the example of this fanatic, though not with the same degree of austerity.”

*Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.*

*Simeon* died upon his pillar.

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TO PART I.

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Note 4, p. 32.

“ How sweetly did the Sage of Zurich tell” &c.

My statement of Zimmerman's deplorable condition in the latter part of his life, is supplied me by his Biographer, Tissot. That gentleman's opinion of his work on Solitude gains not a little weight from the melancholy circumstance, and it will no doubt be corroborated in the judgment of every impartial reader, who knows the work and the story of its author. “ Is he always just in his decisions, and has he always held a fair balance between the advantages of society and those of solitude? Friendship herself cannot be so blind as to think so. His taste carried him more frequently to the love of solitude than of

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TO PART I.

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society, and his work bears the marks of it, without his intention. It cannot be dissembled that the reader discovers traits which show the state of his nerves; in some parts we may say, in very few it is true, here the Author was hypochondriacal; perhaps even he was out of humour: Noblemen who are either vain or ignorant, and small towns, recur too often; and it is evidently ill-humour that introduces them." Zimmerman's was the fault of most over-refined minds. He knew not how to extract enjoyment from the intercourse of those, much inferior to himself in powers and acquirements, a great secret, I believe the greatest, extended in its application, of human happiness. His intellectual equals were rare; and hence his bias to retirement.

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TO PART I.

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Note 5, p. 34.

“ The moralist recluse  
Will weep at visionary woe” &c.

The inconsistency of the actions of many writers with their sentiments materially corroborates the truth of these remarks.

The great evil of reading Novels and Romances, is perhaps, that while they impart this kind of closet sensibility, they enervate the character, and dispose the mind to rest satisfied with the admiration of moral beauty rather than incite it to the practice of moral duties. Noble Lords, magnanimous Baronets, gentle Squires, and rich Heiresses, are the characters;



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TO PART I.

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and duels, trials of constancy, beauty in distress, disinterested liberality, make up the incidents in general of this kind of fictions : all far above the sphere of the majority of readers ; and thus while they are idly dreaming of these things, of which they have no business to dream, they despise and leave undone the humble and necessary duties, which it belongs to them to do.

## NOTES

ON PART THE SECOND.



Note 1, p. 44.

“ Hence the affection the poor pris’ner bore  
“ Ev’n to the reptile of his dungeon-walls ;”

The *great* HOWARD, in his work on Prisons, relates an anecdote of a prisoner (I believe in the Bastille) who for some time after his confinement was so much relieved by amusing himself with a spider on the walls of his prison, that he preserved an appearance of perfect cheerfulness, and on the gaoler’s

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TO PART II.

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observing it, and wantonly destroying the spider, fell into a state of the most profound melancholy.

Note 2, p. 44.

“ And thus old QUARLL of legendary fame

“ Cheer’d with his BEAUFIDELLE”—

Those, whose youthful hours have been beguiled by the story of the “ English Hermit,” will readily remember his affectionate account of his sagacious and faithful monkey, to which he had given that name.

Note 3, p. 55.

“ Her long lost brave PEYROUSE.”

This traveller (the fact most probably is universally

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 TO PART II.
 

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known) quitted his native country, in the year 1785, on a voyage of discovery, and after sailing from Botany-Bay in 1788, was never more heard of.

Note 4, p. 62.

“ In some sad corner comfortless and drear

“ Thro’ the long day by poverty confined,

“ Poor fortune-goaded SAVAGE”—

Dr. Johnson’s eventful life of this interesting character informs us, that at Bristol when he was in debt and pursued by the officers, it was his custom to lie in bed the greatest part of the day, and to go out in the dark with the utmost privacy to visit his friends, and return before morning to his lodging, which was an obscure garret ;——that at the table of

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TO PART II.

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a friend, or amid the circle of a tavern he lost all sense of his wretchedness ; and though in the extreme of penury, he was so fascinated with the charms of conversation, that in society he was always animated and cheerful, and the last to retire.

Note 5, p. 64.

The "fair circles" and the "convention" here mentioned, are, the Blue Stocking Club, (as it was called) held at the house of the late Mrs. Montague, composed of literary ladies, and the Society of Literati instituted by Dr. Johnson ; both famous in the literary anecdote of the last half-century.

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 TO PART II.
 

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Note 6, p. 65.

“Th’ enlighten’d Lord of FERNEY’s chosen shade” &c.

In his own Memoirs the *Philosophe de Ferney* speaks of his situation in this delightful retreat in the following terms : “ Une société douce et de gens d’esprit remplit les momens que l’étude et le soin de ma santé me laissent.—Ainsi, ayant vecu chez les rois, je me suis fait roi chez moi.” A late French publication entitled “ Soirées à Ferney” will instruct the reader more particularly in the nature of the entertainment at *the court* of Voltaire.—His Chateau at Cirey, was in this respect not less distinguished : that also says Condorcet “ was the rendez-vous of science and philosophy. There he lived with Madame de Chatelet ; and reckoned among his visitors Jean Bernouilli, Kœnig and Maupertuis.”

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TO PART II.

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## Note 7, p. 66

“ Such the repasts in TULLY’s honour’d bowers

“ And such their charms that his exalted mind

“ That death could brave,” &c.

“ It cannot be denied that in this calamity of his exile, he did not behave himself with that firmness, which might reasonably be expected from one, who had borne so glorious a part in the Republic ; conscious of his integrity, and suffering in the cause of his country : for his letters are generally filled with such lamentable expressions of grief and despair, that his best friends, and even his wife was forced to admonish him sometimes to rouse his courage, and remember his former character. Atticus was constantly putting him in mind of it ; and sent him word

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TO PART II.

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of a report that was brought to Rome by one of Crassus's freedmen, that his affliction had disordered his senses."

" I have twice, says he, in one of his letters, saved the republic, once with glory, a second time with misery: for I will never deny myself to be a man, or brag of bearing the loss of a brother, children, wife, country, without sorrow. I am not one of those to whom all things are indifferent; but love myself, and my friends, as our common humanity requires."

*Middleton's Life of Cicero.*

Note 8, p. 69.

" I know there are who mourn, or feign to mourn,

" That e'er fair Science, and her sister Art

" Taught man the worth of that celestial gift

" That marks him Lord of beings."



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TO PART II.

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In a late edition of Burke's works, there is an eloquent rhapsody (which he edited) from the pen of Lord Bolingbroke, to persuade men they had better turn brutes ; to which I refer the reader, as comprizing all the leading arguments for this consolatory doctrine.

Note 9, p. 73.

“ The Wild Boy,” &c.

The co-temporary accounts of this phenomenon collected by Lord Monboddo in support of his whimsical theory of Oran-Outanism, bear me fully out in these reflections. They state that he was found naked in the woods of Hamelin, running upon all-four, sometimes climbing up trees like a squirrel, and feed-

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TO PART II.

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ing upon grass, and moss of trees : that he was incapable of speech, and in every respect in a state of brutal wildness.

Note 10, p. 78.

“ 'Twas thus that in the moody ROUSSEAU sprung  
“ That singleness of heart,” &c.

The confessions of this extraordinary character afford ample testimony that the disgust and mortification he ever experienced in the busier scenes of the world, were prepared by his too long and constant indulgence in the golden visions of a luxuriant imagination. The following passage shews that he was himself sensible of this. “ *Cet amour des objets imaginaires and cette facilité de m'en occuper, ache-*

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TO PART II.

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verent de me dégouter de tout ce qui m'entouroit et determinoient ce gout pour la solitude qui m'est toujours resté depuis ce tems la. — Il me suffit quant à present d'avoir marqué l'origine et la premiere cause d'un penchant qui a modifié toutes mes passions, et qui les contenant par elles mêmes, m'a toujours rendu paresseux a faire par trop d'ardeur a desirer."— Again speaking of his youthful pleasures he says, " Ah ! leur seul souvenir rend encore à mon cœur une volupté pure, dont j'ai besoin pour ranimer mon courage, et soutenir les ennuis du reste de mes ans."

But the extent of this disgust for mankind is most fully and clearly evinced in his reflections when about to retire to the *Ile de la Motte*, situated in the middle of one (I forget which) of the lakes in Switzerland.

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TO PART II.

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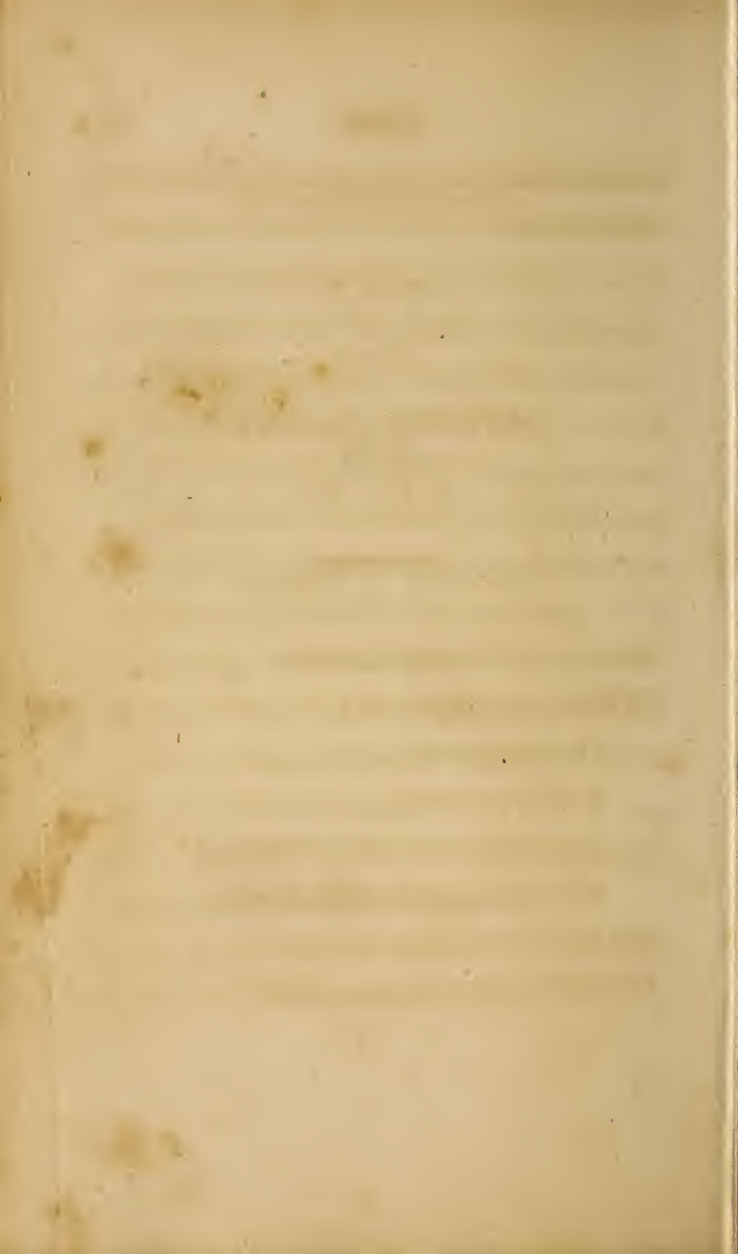
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“ Tel étoit l'asyle que je m'étois ménagé, et où je résolus d'aller m'établir en quittant le val de Travers. Ce choix étoit si conforme à mon goût pacifique, à mon humeur solitaire et paresseuse, que je le compte parmi les douces rêveries, dont je me suis le plus vivement passionné. Il me sembloit que dans cette île je serais plus séparé des hommes, plus à l'abri de leurs outrages, plus oublié d'eux, plus livré en un mot aux douceurs du désœuvrement de la vie contemplative. J'aurais voulu être tellement confiné dans cette île, que je n'eusse plus de commerce avec les mortels ; et il est certain que je pris toutes les mesures imaginables, pour me soustraire autant qu'il étoit possible à la nécessité d'en entretenir.

Ode

ON THE

*RETURN of PEACE.*



## O D E

ON THE

*RETURN of PEACE.**Written in 1801.*

Britons! raise the song of gladness ;

Fill the air with notes of joy !

The trumpet's roar

Is heard no more ;

No more the deep-mouth'd thunders roll,

That stirr'd to wrath the manly soul,

That rais'd its energies to madness,

And kindled savage longing to destroy !

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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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O'er the desolated plain,  
Culture now shall smile again :  
Where of late grim Carnage stalk'd,  
Where the ghosts of Warriors walk'd,  
And with hellish triumph swell'd  
Fiends of devastation yell'd—

Demons that view with fierce exulting eye,  
What time the Fates their horrid joy allow,  
The fallen Hero's painful doom,  
His panting breast, his fading bloom,  
His quiv'ring lip, his dewy brow,  
And deep expiring sigh !

At length dread War thy horrors cease ;  
See once more the Stranger Peace,  
Renews her prosp'rous reign !



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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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And see her woe-dispelling train—

Industry, and Plenty gay,

Smiling follow up her way ;

Next in certain order move

Glowing Hope, and sweet Content,

Joys of heavenly descent,

And Loyalty and Love.

Mark now the cottage guest,

Late robb'd of pleasure, robb'd of rest—

The lonely wife that oft put up her pray'r,

When the sad rumour spread

Of Battles fought, of Soldiers dead,

That Heav'n her love would spare.

Oft o'er the journal'd tale she cast her eye,

Of the dire conflict's rage ;

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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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In silent sorrow ponder'd o'er the page,  
And many a tear she shed, and heav'd with many  
a sigh.

Fear embitter'd all her day ;  
A horrid sight  
Disturb'd each night ;  
Her fancy to the field of slaughter fled,  
A visionary husband bled,  
And woke her in dismay !

In her lov'd offspring that around complain'd,  
By her sole labour scantily sustain'd,  
She found a source of still severer woe,  
Of anguish such as Mothers only know !  
Oft-times and long,

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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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In still despondency she sat and mus'd,  
    Awhile the infant throng,  
Pitying her tearful face perused :  
By nature taught they vainly wish'd relief ;  
And as around dejectedly they crept,  
Mov'd by instinctive sympathy they wept,  
    In harmony of grief.

Now the glad tidings burst upon her ear—  
    'Tis Peace ! 'tis Peace ! aloud they cry ;  
Rapture sparkles in her eye,  
    And dries the ling'ring tear.

    Her cheeks resume  
    Their wonted bloom,  
Transport fills her throbbing breast—  
    Her Soldier once again returns,

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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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With fatal rage no more he burns,  
Again with safety blest !

How chang'd the scene ! his cares forgot,  
Now, no more on plunder bent,  
His hours in useful toil are spent ;  
By Poverty alarm'd no more,  
Pallid Want shall fly his door,  
And competence again shall be his lot.  
Hark ! his friends, the village swains,  
Loose their joy in rustic strains ;  
Now o'er their ale  
They crave his tale,  
While the pipe, and jingling bell  
Gaily mix, their mirth to swell ;  
Nought but pleasure meets the sight,  
All is uncontroll'd delight !

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ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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Dear Albion ! honour'd, envied land !  
How does each patriot heart expand  
    To greet this long-wish'd hour !  
To see sweet Peace return'd at length,  
Best guardian of thy wealth, thy freedom, strength,  
    Thy happiness and power !

Yet will forebodings lurk about my breast,—  
Oh ! when shall War in lasting slumber rest ?  
How long shall dire Ambition's hell-born brood  
    Haunt ev'ry tenant of a Court,  
    Holding subject lives in sport—  
How long Philosophy in vain reprove,  
Religion teach of universal love,  
Yet Man still thirst to shed his fellow's blood.  
Mid her new bliss Britannia still must mourn  
Her noblest children from her bosom torn.

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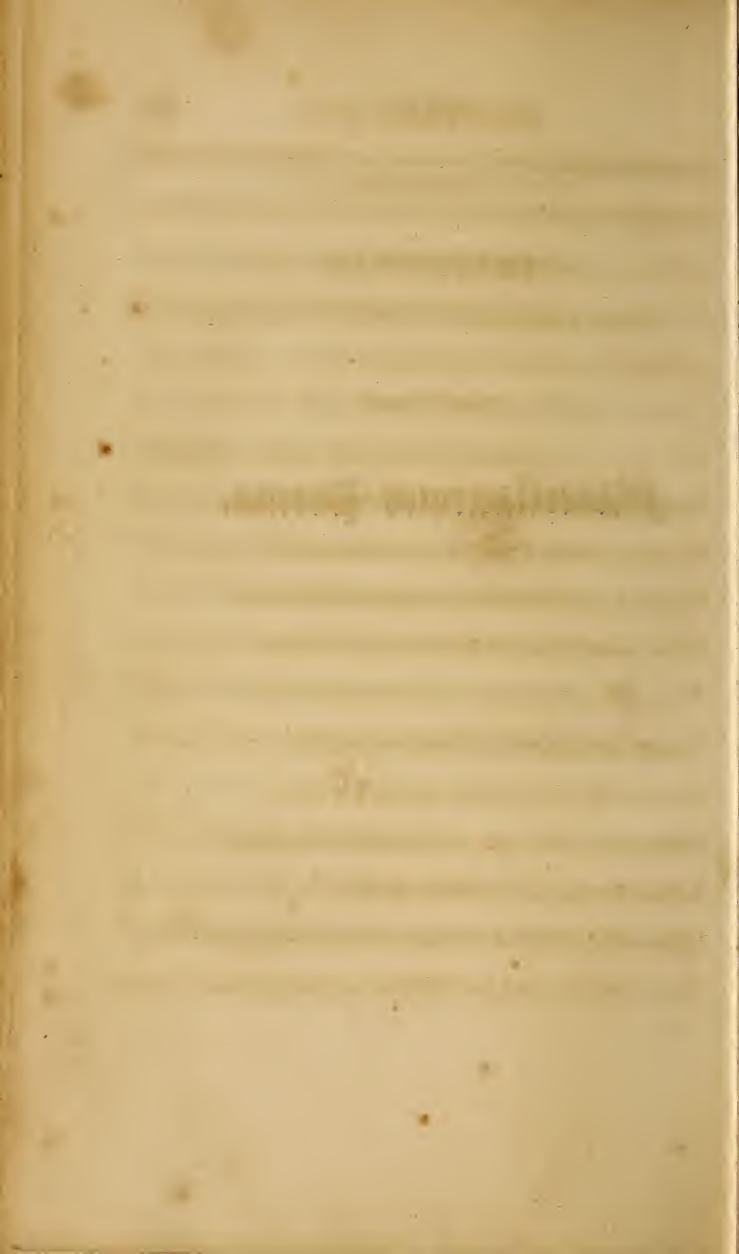
ON THE RETURN OF PEACE.

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Exalted spirits ! sparks of brightest flame,  
The self-devoted victims of our strife,  
Who fearless sacrificed an honour'd life  
To end this struggle in your country's fame !  
Now, wand'ring in your native skies,  
To you my grateful thoughts arise.  
May the rewards that on your souls attend  
The glories even of your names transcend !  
Long your example Britain's sons shall fire,  
Long the brave champions of her rights inspire—  
Your deeds the records of your age shall fill,  
Expiring Time shall know them still,  
And still they'll wake the lyre.  
Yes—never shall the Muse forget to pay  
To valour such as yours the tributary lay !

Miscellaneous Poems.





*VERSAILLES.**Written on viewing the PALACE and GARDENS.*

---

Proud, splendid fabric! splendid now in vain—  
Memorial sad of Power's precarious reign!  
No more your dazzling eminence shall draw  
The envious wish, the silent gaze of awe.

Ye spacious galleries, that now supply  
No echo but the passing stranger's sigh,  
How great, tho' sad, the lesson to be found  
In that deep echo's solitary sound!  
How diff'rent from the vain delusive thought  
That flattering once to Majesty you taught—

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VERSAILLES.

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Amid this splendor, shelter'd from alarms,  
Amid these gardens' ever-various charms,  
Thoughts on these themes ne'er came on Pleasure's  
    wing —

*A people's rights, the duties of a King.*

The fountains told no murmurs but their own,  
The fragrant breezes bore no subject's groan.  
Ah no ! the vast redundant splendor here  
Served but to check your tenants' timely fear,  
Where all caprice unbounded could attain,  
Seemed still to say they nought should wish in vain.

At length, when charged with terror and with woe,  
Appear'd those truths the first that Kings should know,  
When scorn'd oppression's groans, then heard too late,  
Grew into shouts and thunder'd at your gate—

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---

VERSAILLES.

---

---

“ Redress, or vengeance !” in defiance loud,  
Roar’d the dread voice of a tremendous crowd,  
Amazed, awaken’d from their dream of pow’r,  
Too late they trembled in that dreadful hour ;  
Found when too late why Subjects could complain,  
And Justice learnt, when Justice was in vain.  
In vain e’en Justice speaks to hush the tongues  
Too long neglected of a people’s wrongs.

Stem the still waters in their steady course ;  
Then burst the barriers that oppose their force—  
And would you bid th’ accumulated tide  
With temp’rate current to its level glide ?  
’Twere vain——a deluge spreads along its shores,  
Resistless, wild, th’ impetuous torrent pours,

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VERSAILLES.

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---

And idly furious, o'er its lawful bourn  
Onward it rushes, only to return.

Ye high-wrought models of luxurious art!  
The smiles of pleasure ye no more impart.  
And say, did e'er your blandishments repay  
The lavish'd millions that prepar'd your way—  
Did all the splendour your proud works disclose  
Fulfil the wish at whose command ye rose—  
Mid all your charms could your great masters find  
That only bliss "the sunshine of the mind?"

The pages all that Kingly joys report,  
The guilty registers of many a Court,  
The sated thousands that exclaim how vain  
The joys in artificial Pleasure's train,

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VERSAILLES.

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---

The endless wants Indulgence bids appear,  
The age progressive of her labours here,  
Where each design more artful than the last  
Reproved the vanity of all the past,  
The heart that spite of poverty can glow—  
All these with voice united, answer—No.

A new regret in such a thought we find,  
And deeper sadness steals upon the mind.  
Did Indigence then pine in cureless woe,  
And did the scanty pittance scantier grow,  
Did proud sub-despots doubly curst demand  
The hard-earn'd mite from Labour's weary hand,  
And every hope of Industry destroy,  
That Kings might have what they could *not* enjoy?

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---

VERSAILLES.

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---

Kings yet to be, and yet in France to reign—  
(And Kings of France *may* have their day again)  
Should these deserted scenes your hours employ,  
Again to cheer them with the notes of joy,  
Your fancy sure will hear a mingling voice  
Exclaim “Beware, and tremblingly rejoice!”

*To TWO SISTERS.**Imitated from the French.*

---

Alike two sparkling eyes you boast,  
Whose lustre oft, in gazing lost,  
Enraptured we adore

The difference is, with endless wiles  
One tries their force, the other smiles  
Inconscious of their power.

To wound our unresisting hearts  
Alike in both Love's fatal darts  
In every look are found.

---

---

TO TWO SISTERS.

---

---

The difference is, on conquest bent,  
One throws them round with fell intent,  
The other ne'er would wound.

Of melting hearts are both possess'd,  
Of Love susceptible each breast,  
In youthful ardour strong.

The difference is, the flame of one  
With transient glow would quickly burn,  
The other's mild and long.

Alike to charm by Nature form'd,  
Each is with ev'ry grace adorn'd,  
A passion each excites.

The difference is, the one's design'd  
By arts to please, the other's mind  
Simplicity delights.



---

---

TO TWO SISTERS.

---

---

Alike with intellectual force

Each can enliven her discourse,

Each gain attentive ear.

The difference is, with sprightly wit

One shines, to t'other we submit

For reas'ning just and clear.

Alike to boundless power you reach,

A thousand knees alike to each

In captive suit are bent.

The difference is, one seeks them all,

The other would but one enthral,

With one fond heart content.

Alike you bloom in beauty's prime,

With either blest we pass our time,

And both our praise acquire.

---

---

TO TWO SISTERS.

---

---

The difference is, of one we say  
Perhaps she'd please us for a day,  
The other—never tire.

*To a FRIEND**Employed in Shooting Sparrows.*

Why should men poor Sparrows shoot ?—

“ Why ! they rob us of our fruit :

“ All our cherry-trees infest,

“ Eat the ripest and the best.

“ Who can e'er a table deck

“ With the fruit these rascals peck ?”

Thus the question you decide,

Thus your gun is justified.

---

---

TO A FRIEND.

---

---

One among the pilfering race  
Yonder listens to your case,  
Cocks aside his cunning eyes,  
Chirps, and doubtless thus replies.  
“ This for doctrine then you give—  
“ Man alone was made to live.  
“ The rain of Heav’n, the genial ray,  
(If sparrows things so fine may say)  
“ That made your trees and cherries grow,  
“ God could ne’er for birds bestow.  
“ Prove me these by right your own,  
“ Special gifts to man alone,  
“ Then I’ll own the race that fly,  
“ Merely *live* to starve and *die* ;  
“ But till then excuse my plan  
“ Still to feast where’er I can.”

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---

TO A FRIEND.

---

---

Reasons sound as these appear,  
Strange it is you should not hear.  
T'other day your lib'ral hand,  
Prompt at Charity's command,  
One who your assistance crav'd,  
From a prison's mis'ry sav'd.  
With such a deed how great the strife  
To rob these merry rogues of life,  
To stop their ever-gay vagaries,  
For what ?—to save a pound of cherries.

Few the days that life affords,  
Very few the life of birds,  
Short and free of grief or care,  
Light as is their native air,

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---

TO A FRIEND.

---

---

And, says the circumscrib'd believer,  
Ending once to end for ever.  
That is not then such lives away—  
Let them live while live they may.

Sparrows ! were a garden mine,  
Thick with cherry-tree or vine,  
Freely might you revel there,  
Seed or berry freely share.  
I can see no reason why  
Man should bound our charity ;  
Why like niggards we should spare it,  
When so cheaply you may share it.

*OLD THOMAS.*  

---

I've often thought in humble life  
Souls truly great are prov'd,  
In ranks from ostentation free,  
Where men are ne'er by vanity,  
Or thirst of glory mov'd.

Old THOMAS but a peasant was,  
A man of poor degree ;  
Day after day with Heav'n's first light,  
To toil he rose, and toil'd till night,  
Yet proud of heart was he.

---

---

OLD THOMAS.

---

---

In bold and independent tone,  
He told and told again,  
How often he with manly vaunt  
Repell'd an undeserved taunt  
From richer, greater men.

When yet a boy, where THOMAS toil'd  
My sport I oft confin'd ;  
And many a question would propound  
Whene'er the good old man I found  
To chat with me inclin'd.

Thoughtful I ask'd him once when he  
Would be content to die :  
When with old age my strength is fled,  
And Charity must give me bread—  
The old man made reply.



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---

OLD THOMAS.

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---

May God preserve from such a fate,  
Thought I, thy noble heart ;  
Yet thought I not of half the grief  
When his grey head should need relief,  
Dependence could impart.

As late I pass'd the lowly roof  
Where this good Peasant dwelt,  
His little garden told his fate,  
Wild weeds grew rank, as it of late  
No hand of his had felt.

And is old THOMAS dead, I ask'd  
A villager that pass'd :  
Alas ! he was, nor had he died  
Till strength no more his wants supplied,  
Tho' struggling to his last.

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---

OLD THOMAS.

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---

A palsy shook his hardy frame,  
Then feeble fast he grew,  
Till power so little could he raise  
That all he did in six long days,  
Was but the work of two.

A weak old man would none employ,  
Tho' all would THOMAS praise ;  
Anon they told him (sound of woe !)  
That he must to the work-house go,  
And end his wretched days.

Beneath his full and hoary brow  
Indignant flash'd his eye—  
In vain—of ev'ry hope bereft,  
His kindred poor—no means were left  
His hapless fate to fly.

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---

OLD THOMAS.

---

---

He paced his garden up and down,

And loudly thus complain'd :

“ Full forty years upon this spot

“ A happy independent lot

“ My labour has maintain'd.

“ And trimly was my garden kept

“ And neat my fire-side.

“ And must I own them ne'er again,

“ But herd with idle wicked men,

“ My grey locks to deride ?

“ Rear'd by this hand have children eight

“ To men and women grown ;

“ And doth it basely now deny

“ With bread and water to supply

“ The poor old man alone ?

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---

OLD THOMAS.

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---

“ But bread and water doth he ask  
“ With independence still ;  
“ Rouse ! rouse ! thou yet mayst that engage,  
“ Thou grow’st a sluggard in thy age,  
“ And wantest but the will.”

Next morn he rose, (he knew no rest  
With such a fate impending)  
And to the fields he went his way,  
And stubbornly he toil’d all day,  
With youth and strength contending.

’Twas the last glimmer of a flame  
That could no longer blaze ;  
It was an effort vast and vain,  
That freed his soul of all its pain,  
And closed his feeble days.

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---

OLD THOMAS.

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---

Exhausted, scarce he totter'd home  
E'er fell the dews of night—  
Life ebb'd apace, in peace he bore  
Death's chilly hand, nor evermore  
Beheld the morning light.

Then let the marbled grave of him  
Of proud, but meaner doom,  
Who crawling from an humble state,  
By littleness at length grew great,  
To THOMAS yield his tomb ;

And there be carved in humble phrase  
How THOMAS lived and died,  
That slaves of idleness and shame,  
And beggars with a finer name,  
May learn a peasant's pride.

*An IDEA for SATIRISTS.\**


---

One day at a loss to dispose of my time,  
 And bent on attempting some new sort of rhyme,  
 That most with applause should be read,  
 A Satire thought I is a d——d flashy thing—  
 At Folly to pop as she skims on the wing,  
 And boldly knock Vice on the head.

\* A Satiric poem submitted to my perusal, of which low statures were whimsically chosen as the subject, gave occasion to these lines.—As there are many colloquial Satirists of a similar complexion, for their benefit I have ventured to insert them here.

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AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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---

But then it was hard with such fellows to cope  
As Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope ;

Of ev'ry vain hope they bereft me.

In fact, they'd so lavishly levell'd their jests

On rogues, fools, and all of Society's pests,

Not a single new thought had they left me.

Thus daunted, the scheme I resolv'd to decline,

When Atticus enter'd to stop my design,

And all my ambition renew :

A plump looking pamphlet he held in his hand :

He opened, when lo ! just the thing I had plann'd

Had Atticus brought me to view.

“ A Satire you rogue ! ” I exclaimed in amaze,

“ That's brave man ! your enterprize merits my

“ praise —

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AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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“ Now let us hear what 'tis about.”

“ Read, read Sir,” says he; “ 'tis a thing to my mind ;

“ The subject most striking and novel you'll find ;

“ Read read Sir I beg, and read out.”

I eager obey'd as you'll readily guess,

For on *striking* and *novel*, he dwelt with such stress,

At once all my qualms he dispell'd.

I read and soon found all he promis'd was true ;

His subject was really most striking and new,

And so it must ever be held.

What was it then pr'ythee ? at whom does he sneer ?

The statesman, the critic, the parson, the peer ?

Not so Sirs, but if you must know it ;

The butts of this poet's sarcaistical kicks



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AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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---

Are all little fellows of five feet and six,

And all little fellows below it !

What a thought ! that it never should enter my head !

The want of new objects no longer I'll dread,

But Atticus' hint I'll pursue.

No more by such fears shall my genius be check'd !

Since Nature herself may be quizz'd with effect

I may surely find plenty to do.

Her blunders present me unlimited scope :

On Horace and Juvenal, Boileau and Pope,

No longer I'll think with despair.

Mid the deaf, and the dumb, and the blind, and the lame,

In the field of infirmity starting my game,

I've still left a pretty good share.

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---

AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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---

Complexions unseemly, or limb that offends ;  
Bandy legs and high shoulders, carbuncles and wens,  
    Shall soon feel the force of my song.  
Your scare-crows and dowdies I'll cursedly maul,  
All under sized people, or people too tall,  
    And people as broad as they're long.

All ye that have locks to disfigure the pate,  
Like carrots in hue, or as stubbornly straight,  
    Such locks ye shall certainly rue.  
And henceforth shall none with impunity wear  
A nose of the bottle kind, nose that's too spare,  
    Or nose you might make into two.

On an uncomely leg, or a mere stump of wood  
Assuming the place where a leg has once stood,

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AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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---

Depend on't my wit sha'nt be stinting.

No face with more mouth than should come to its  
share,

Or short of an eye any longer I'll bear,

And let me catch any man squinting!

Next ailings of ev'ry description I'll scout :

Colds, agues and fevers, the gripes and the gout,  
Shall get a Satirical trimming.

And dotage shall feel too the gall of my pen,

For no good excuse can there be for old men,

And surely still less for old women.

Then prosper great bard ! in this glorious career.

Tho' apes of ignoble dimensions may jeer,

Success your exertions must crown.

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AN IDEA FOR SATIRISTS.

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---

From readers more portly you'll meet with your due,  
And Satire so singular, striking, and new,  
Shall bring you deserved renown !

THE

*MERCHANT and the PHILOSOPHER.**An EASTERN TALE.*

---

The Sun slow rising from his bed  
Began his early beams to shed,  
When from a short, disturb'd repose,  
The sad, the lost MANASSAH rose,  
And o'er the hill, and thro' the glade,  
In sullen contemplation stray'd.

As on he stroll'd in self-debate,  
And murmur'd at his luckless fate,

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THE MERCHANT

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---

The sage ORASMYN cross'd his way,  
Who walk'd to greet the opening day ;  
A man to ev'ry virtue true,  
A man of worth and wisdom too,  
Of maxims just, and as he thought  
He lived, and by example taught ;  
For maxims not thus urged had been  
Deem'd mere officiousness or spleen.  
With grief he saw his friend depress'd,  
And straight the wanderer address'd :  
“ What means MANASSAH's downcast eye ?  
“ His looks some lurking woes imply ;  
“ Some crime recall'd his soul attacks,  
“ And keen remorse his bosom racks.  
“ What else can Virtue's peace annoy ?  
“ What else disturb the good man's joy ?

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---

AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

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---

From musing roused, the mourning man  
Attentive heard, and thus began :

“ Can you, who know my losses dire,

“ The reason of my grief enquire ?

“ My ships in lawful trade employ’d

“ The angry tempest has destroy’d :

“ Alike in all to misery doom’d,

“ My stores at home the flames consumed.

“ To poverty and want unused,

“ At once to indigence reduced,

“ My ripening plans of wealth o’erthrown,

“ All hopes of earthly pleasure flown,

“ No wonder at my heart’s despair !

“ What heart can such a trial bear ?

“ For I who scarce from virtue swerv’d,

“ These ills have surely not deserv’d,

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THE MERCHANT

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- “ Whilst they whom grossest crimes allure,  
“ Enjoy their wealth and sin secure.  
“ Where'er I turn my eyes around,  
“ I find unpunish'd vice abound.  
“ With impious freedom HASSAN drinks  
“ Forbidden wine, yet Heaven winks.  
“ No troubles MAHOUD's life reprove,  
“ Who wastes his hours in lawless love.  
“ HEMJUDAH with unseemly pride  
“ Delights the humble to deride ;  
“ Vindictive anger OSMYN sways,  
“ CALED on reputation preys ;  
“ ABDALLAH seeks the gamester's haunt,  
“ And squanders wealth his kindred want.  
“ Yet these disasters ne'er molest,  
“ Nor woes disturb, nor cares infest :



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---

AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

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---

“ But I, whom no such vices stain,  
“ Misfortune’s keenest shafts sustain.  
“ ’Tis true, in virtue over-nice,  
“ Some deem’d my prudence avarice.  
“ Yet grant to vice my prudence grown,  
“ I plead but to that vice alone ;  
“ And since in only that involv’d,  
“ That surely might have been absolv’d.  
“ Forgive my doubts, for doubt I must—  
“ These things appear nor wise nor just.”

With mingled pity and surprise,

ORASMYN heard the bold surmise.

“ And dare ye then, vain man !” he cried,  
“ Deluded with an impious pride,  
“ Arraign the great o’er-ruling hand,  
“ And doubt its course by wisdom plann’d ”

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THE MERCHANT

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---

- “ Deem you, because you can forbear  
“ The errors which your neighbours share,  
“ To which your passions never tempt,  
“ Your life from blame and scourge exempt ?  
“ Resistance to a *fav'rite* fault  
“ Alone our nature can exalt.  
“ Mid those you censure, few you'll find  
“ To more than one lov'd vice inclin'd.  
“ The gamester loaths the drunkard's plan,  
“ And boasts that he's a sober man,  
“ While drunkards, equally precise,  
“ Will wonder men delight in dice !  
“ The wrathful proud men blame, the proud  
“ Exclaim 'gainst anger fierce and loud.  
“ Such is the wise decree of Heaven :  
“ To ev'ry man by nature's given

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---

AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

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---

- “ Some passion stronger than the rest,  
“ That chiefly forms his virtue’s test ;  
“ And tried by this, our strength is shewn  
“ In conqu’ring this, and this alone.  
“ A thirst of gold your mind possess’d,  
“ And ev’ry nobler aim suppress’d ;  
“ In ceaseless schemes of gain embark’d,  
“ Extortion oft your dealings mark’d ;  
“ And while distress around complain’d,  
“ Unpitying you your wealth retain’d ;  
“ Displeas’d the growing vice to view,  
“ In mercy Heav’n its source withdrew ;  
“ That such desires might be restrain’d,  
“ Your stores consum’d, your treasure drained,  
“ And taught how worthless was the joy  
“ That waves could end, or flames destroy.

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THE MERCHANT

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“ Be wise : the wholesome lesson learn ;  
“ To industry again return,  
“ Again by toil redeem thy loss ;  
“ But let not gold thy soul engross.  
“ When thine enhausted coffers fill,  
“ Be moderate, be gen’rous still.  
“ For useful purposes diffused,  
“ Let all with lib’ral hand be used ;  
“ Reward desert, relieve the poor,  
“ And Heaven will bless your rising store.  
“ Then shall thy murmuring heart have rest,  
“ Then uncorrupted shall thy breast,  
“ Surmounting thus its virtue’s foe,  
“ With justest exultation glow.”—  
Conviction follow’d his discourse,  
The drooping merchant felt its force.

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AND THE PHILOSOPHER

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His admonition he pursued,  
And once again his trade renew'd.  
Again success his efforts crown'd.  
Success that spread its influence round;  
For wisely now he made his gains  
Of mild benevolence the means.  
Now taught, by sad experience taught,  
That bliss can ne'er with wealth be bought,  
O'er his loved passion he prevail'd,  
And triumph'd where his nature fail'd.

THE  
*DISCONTENTED RABBIT.*

*A PETER-PINDARIC FABLE.*

---

A rabbit who had all his life been pent  
Within a hutch, at length grew discontent,  
And having nothing else to do,  
Amused himself in meditation  
On a poor rabbit's luckless situation,  
Compared with other animals he knew.

“ Alas !” he cried, “ how many ills I bear,  
“ And what a happy dog is yonder hare !

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THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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“ He roves thro’ wood or field contented, free,  
“ He has no cares or troubles, none at all ;  
“ He can see life, enjoy Society,  
“ And when he pleases give his friends a call.

“ For food no human tyrant’s aid he needs,  
“ But as thro’ gardens in and out he pops,  
“ On what best suits his taste he freely feeds—  
“ On cabbage now, and now on turnip tops.  
“ Whilst I, with these infernal bars beset,  
“ Must be content with any thing I get.

“ Yet why should I  
“ Thus tamely bear the loss of liberty,  
“ Whom nature made as proper to be free  
“ As he ?

---

 THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.
 

---

“ It surely never was by nature meant  
 “ That I in this vile prison should be cramm’d.  
 “ I’ll not endure it, no if I consent  
 “ To bear it any longer I’ll be d——d.

“ But how shall I escape my keeper’s clutch?  
 “ I have it — when he opens next my hutch,  
 “ Instead of tamely sitting like a dolt,  
 “ I’ll silyly make a spring and out I’ll bolt.”  
 The opportunity occur’d,  
 And Bunny really kept his word.

And now, from all restraint set free,  
 He frisk’d about with wond’rous glee,  
 Till with his exercise he hungry grew,  
 Then food he sought, and found enough,



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THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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But found it very sorry stuff  
To what he'd been accustom'd to.  
To grumble now however 'twas too late,  
So quietly he ate.—

Just so the rake in holy fable,  
Who used in style to set at table,  
And on all sorts of dainties dine,  
Till he turn'd wicked sinner,  
And then was forced to mess with filthy swine,  
Or go as he deserved without his dinner.

At last he met the envied hare,  
And vaunting told the whole affair  
Of his escape, no doubt expecting praise,  
And begg'd to know how best to spend his days,

---

---

THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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---

Requesting too his kind advice,  
If he again should stand in need of food,  
As 'twas most probable he should,  
Where he might get a bit of something nice.

Puss shook his head : “ the scheme you'll rue,”

Says he, “ or I am much mistaken,

“ Of having a good home forsaken,

“ To try a life of which you nothing knew.

“ How could you such a thing design ?

“ You foolish fellow ! how imagine

“ That you were suited to engage in

“ A state so arduous as mine ?

“ A thousand terrors, guns, hounds, snares,

“ Against us hares,

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---

THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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---

- “ Are by the human race employ’d,  
“ Which you ne’er learnt the cunning to avoid.
- “ Besides, you are not to be told,  
“ It soon will grow confounded cold,  
“ And you can ne’er your tender hide expose  
    “ To frost and snows.
- “ Upon my soul I fear you’ll feel it much ;  
    “ For you must be unseason’d to the blast,  
    “ You who have all your winters past  
“ Within a nice warm comfortable hutch.
- “ Then while you may, my counsel take,  
“ And to your keeper straight go back,  
“ His pardon humbly to implore,  
“ And tell him you’ll do so no more ”

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THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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---

He scarce had ended, when the sudden cry  
Of a loud yelping pack  
Approaching briskly at his back  
Obliged him hastily to fly.

Puss doubtless tipt them all the double,  
Or gave at least the curs some trouble,  
But finding such an easy prey,  
They snapt up Bunny in their way.

A two-fold moral here's convey'd,  
That should with double praise be paid.  
Imprimis, you are made to learn,  
How folks of discontented turn,  
Of ev'ry state they have not tried  
Can only see the pleasant side.

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THE DISCONTENTED RABBIT.

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---

You next are taught, by Bunny's fate  
Your powers not to over-rate ,  
He vainly thought himself a hare,  
Think yourself only — what you are.

THE  
*CASTLE of MYSTERY.*

---

Embosom'd within the deep shade of a wood,  
Stupendous and gloomy a castle there stood,  
All awful and drear to the sight ;  
The ivy thick cluster'd around its huge wall,  
Its dungeons were deep, and its turrets were tall,  
And it chill'd all the soul with affright.

Its chambers above scarce admitted a ray,  
Its caverns below were unblest'd by the day,  
Its ramparts were lofty and strong :

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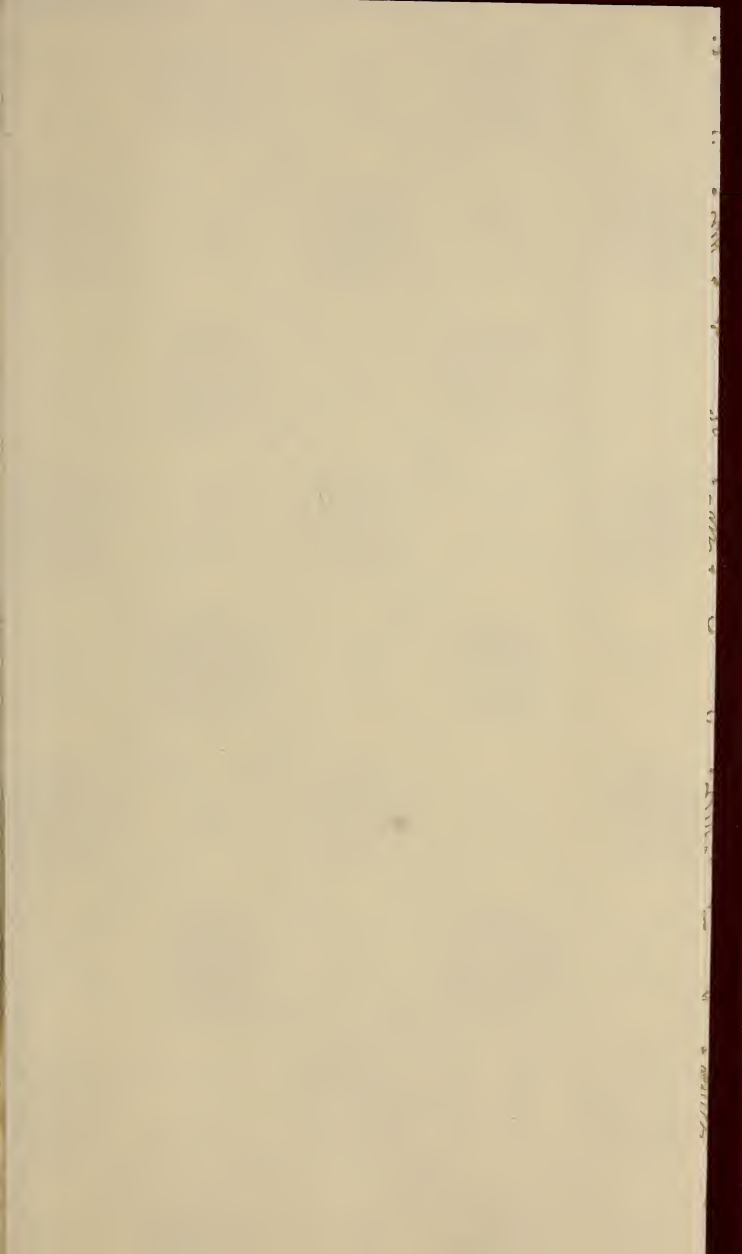
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